



No. 142.—Vol. XI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET, AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I am slowly recovering from the effects of a secret orgie. Last week I had a Birthday. Hitherto, that anniversary has excited no particular commotion in this bosom, though I can recall the birthdays of others which have fluttered its inmost recesses. Ah, Selina! that birthday-party to which I was not invited still rankles in my memory! It was a bitter night in January when the form of a despondent Troubadour might have been seen plodding through the snow to Selina's door. There was revelry within; shadows interlaced in the dance hovered on the blind; the Troubadour could hear Selina's voice rippling in the flow of gaiety; alack! she had no thought of him. He rang the bell, handed a missive to the domestic, and impressed his melancholy isolation upon her by a hollow cough. The missive contained a birthday ode, an arrow of melodious reproach, which was to transfix the breast of the giddy and heedless fair. The Troubadour waited shivering in the lane; perhaps he thought the ode would upset the entertainment, that Selina's remorse would quench the lights, and hang like lead on the flying feet. No such catastrophe rejoiced him; on went the dance, and joy was unconfined. The Troubadour trudged gloomily homeward, with grave doubts about the magic of poesy.

The Birthday last week was quite a different affair. As the fateful date approached, I cherished the hope that none of my friends would mention it. There comes a time in your life when you begin to feel like an antique sun-dial, on which the declining orb casts a distressful shade. People look at you as who should say, "What's o'clock? Dear me, it's growing late!" This aspect of the Birthday was so strong upon me that I stayed indoors, and strove to renew the springs of a lost youth by dwelling on the adventures of adolescence. Suddenly the door burst open, and the room was filled with strange shapes, which, in an unaccountable way, seemed familiar. Some were merry, and talked without ceasing; some were moody, and struck tragic attitudes in corners; there was a gentleman, in his shirt, with his neck bare, who lifted his eyes to heaven, and appeared to be standing on the shadowy outline of a scaffold; a lady, of an Oriental type of beauty, whose rich proportions were set off by—well, by tights, led a chorus, in which I could distinguish nothing but "Vasco di Gama," the name, I believe, of a celebrated traveller; then another voice broke into a refrain which sounded like—

Glasses round, cigars as well.
Tommy Dod, Tommy Dod!

This was interrupted by a wave of boyish trebles with—

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Loveliest season of all the ye-ar!

The last syllable went up abruptly, with a shrill accent that pleasantly suggested the nipping shrewdness of our English April. What did it all mean? That jockey who explained how some melodramatic villain had tried to "noble" the favourite; that sprightly damsel who warbled the assurance that the "O.K. thing on Sunday is walking in the Zoo"; that reformed dipsomaniac, rejoicing because he had broken through a wall in a tunnel of the Underground, and picked the drugged hero off the rails just in the nick of time, before the passing of a train; where had I met them all? Presently, there was a hush; all eyes were fixed on me; and then, with hands extended in greeting, the company cried with one voice, "Many happy returns, Old Playgoer!"

Yes, that badge of age is fixed upon me at last! The sere, the yellow play-bill flutters in my mind's eye. I cannot get the "O.K. thing on Sunday" out of my ears. "Glasses round, cigars as well," is the signal for a long debauch of ancient melodrama. I see myself, a little deaf, hobbling with a stick, querulously piping, "Do you remember 'Flying Scud'?" I remember it, because it marks the first occasion when I visited a theatre unhampered by parental supervision. I paid my money at the door with independent magnificence, and sat in the Adelphi pit, regaled by the odour of the orange, and dimly wondering why the juice had such an affinity with the tears of dramatic sensibility. I remember there was a race; a row of cardboard steeds, in a nice derangement of perspective, wriggled slowly past a grand stand, mute and petrified. Shade of Dion Boucicault, wizard of this enchantment! The last time I saw him, he gave a lecture on the Lyceum stage, and showed us the subtle art of managing a hat in an impressive scene. . . . I remember Ada Cavendish in "Clancarty," and the dashing courage of Henry Neville, as the Irish Jacobite, confronting Dutch William, and paying a handsome compliment to the usurper's bravery in the field.

"Faith! no one ever saw your Highness's back," says the generous Irishman. I recall the phrase, because, when I first heard it, I was fresh from Macaulay and the romantic spell he had woven round the phlegmatic Dutchman; and I felt a swelling throb of enthusiasm.

Oh, those swelling throbs in the theatre! Some devotees of the stage collect play-bills. I have a large and varied collection of lumps in the throat. There is the "Olivia" lump; the "Charles I." lump is nice and choking; the "Becket" lump may be recommended to families with a slightly ecclesiastical turn; the return-of-the-soldier lump, as in the famous case of George D'Alroy, is warranted to cause suffocation. Then there is the impulsive-generosity-in-the-most-unexpected-quarter lump. I cannot even think of this specimen without an immediate access of throaty sentiment which calls to mind Hawkshaw the detective. When he confronts Brierly, the poor devil who deserves another chance, there is a pause, and the pit holds its breath. "I never saw him before," says the detective, and the lump does not choke some hundreds of citizens, only because they clear their throats with cheers. Hawkshaw is guilty of most unprofessional weakness, but he makes the biggest lump in my museum.

Thus the Old Playgoer babbles, not of green fields, but of the primitive emotions. His memory becomes a sort of millstone. I am dragged down by recollections of bygone players who have left not a wrack behind. This horrible Birthday summoned before me an actress who used to play leading parts in semi-historical dramas with unblemished insipidity. Never was she betrayed into any display of spontaneous feeling. She was always the picture of wronged innocence, distinguished by appropriate costume and irreproachable breeding. She has long been dead, worthy soul; but why am I haunted by her spectre? She is at my elbow now, with her hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes raised to heaven with all the earnestness of the images on the theatrical posters. I entreat her to leave me, and never return; but she answers with grave politeness, "I cannot desert you: are you not an Old Playgoer?" Though her name is totally forgotten by the world, I know it will be my fate to revive it. Some day, an organ of opinion will confuse her with another actress, and I shall be impelled to indite this letter to the editor: "Sir,—You are in error in assigning to Miss Fotheringay the part of Cachouca in 'The Spanish Sarsaparilla' at Drury Lane. It was played by that lovely and accomplished artist, Emma Fitzrobinson, with a dramatic genius such as the present degenerate age has never seen. Alas that so much beauty, grace, and talent should be so completely buried in oblivion!—Yours, in sorrow, An Old Playgoer." I shall write that because the ghost of Emma, who, in life, bored me to death, will persuade me that it is my duty. She will produce her "notices," sheaves of them, all declaring that, as Cachouca, she "left nothing to be desired." "Cachouca found a winning representative in that popular actress, Miss Fitzrobinson." "As Cachouca Miss Fitzrobinson played with her usual charm." I am sure the ghosts of actresses read these delicate tributes to one another in the Elysian Fields, and swoop with them on the Old Playgoer, when he has to be stirred up to glorify the dead.

There is to be a bust of Maupassant in the Parc Monceau, overlooking a garden-seat, on which will recline the sculptured figure of a young woman reading one of his books. That design is an admirable rebuke to the critics who tell us that Maupassant is no longer read in Paris. Somebody remarked the other day, on the authority of a Parisian printseller, that there was no demand now for this great writer's portrait. The bust in the Parc Monceau suggests that the personal interest in Maupassant is not dead. As for the young woman, I wonder what is her favourite volume. "Une Vie" may be too depressing, "Bel Ami" too redolent of journalism and printers; but "Notre Cœur," which surpasses Bourget in his own sphere of analysis, may absorb the Parisienne on the garden-seat. Or it may be one of the volumes of *nouvelles*, the short stories of which Maupassant was the incomparable master—stories which reveal an observation so wide, a humanity so intense, a vivisection so relentless, a style, in its vividness, so like an artery of thought and passion, that most other fiction seems flat and colourless by contrast. Fantasy, tragedy, character, the lightest comedy and the deepest horror, are all here in prodigal array. The irony is sometimes whimsical, too often hard and bitter. Life, in its essence, desentimentalised, throbs in every page. In this world of Maupassant the proprieties, I fear, do not exist; hypocrisy is stripped bare; brutality has no mask. But even if the young woman on the garden-seat is reading "La Maison Tellier," she will learn from that uncompromising picture of depravity some lesson of human pity.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS ROMEO, AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

LYCEUM.

Lessee, Henry Irving.
Under the management of Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Frederick Harrison.
EVERY EVENING at 8 punctually.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
ROMEO ... MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
MERCUTIO ... MR. COGHLIN.
JULIET ... MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.—LYCEUM.

ROYALTY.—GREAT SUCCESS of THE CHILI WIDOW.
EVERY EVENING at 8.40. Mr. Arthur Bourghier, Mr. W. Blakeley: Misses Sophie Larkin, Kate Phillips, Irene Vanbrugh, and Violet Vanbrugh, &c. At 8, HARMONY, by Henry Arthur Jones. Doors open 7.30, on wet evenings 7.15. Box Office 10 to 10. MATINEE SATURDAY.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE (late Trafalgar).—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT and HENRY DANA.
Every Evening at 8.45.
HER ADVOCATE,
By WALTER FRITH.
GEORGE ABINGER ... MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.
MRS. FIELD ... MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Preceded at 8 by THE WRONG ADDRESS. FIRST MATINEE NEXT SATURDAY, Oct. 19, at 3 o'clock. Box Office open daily 10 to 10. Seats at all Libraries. Doors open 7.30.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLETS,
FAUST and ON BRIGHTON PIER.
GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.40.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND BALLETS, TITANIA and LOCHINVAR, THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.
Grand Varieties. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45.—ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

REAL ICE SKATING AT NIAGARA HALL, ST. JAMES'S
Park Station. NOW OPEN FOR WINTER SEASON. Admission to Skating Hall: 9.30 to 1, 3s.; 3 to 6.30, 5s.; 8 to 11.30, 3s. Admission to Balcony of Skating Hall and Panorama: 9.30 to 1, 1s.; 3 to 6.30, 2s.; 8 to 11.30, 1s. FIRST-CLASS ORCHESTRA.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT. Admission 1s.
The Conception and Design of
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Open 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.; Saturdays open at 10 a.m.,
in Sunshine or Rain.
THE GREAT WHEEL RUNNING DAILY.
THE EMPRESS THEATRE
(Near the Lillie Road Entrance).
The Largest and most Perfect Theatre in the World.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Triumphantly Successful Historical Spectacle,
"INDIA."
Elizabeth to Victoria. For full particulars see daily papers.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—At the historic Monte Carlo of Belgium,
within easy reach of London and three hours of Brussels, you find a sheltered yet bracing climate, excellent shooting, a CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Roulette, Trente-et-Quarante, Concerts, Reading-Room, &c., always open, and the best hotel-accommodation, at an inclusive tariff of 10 fr. PER DIEM. For details, address M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street
(Waterloo Place End).
EXHIBITION OF EVERY VARIETY OF CARRIAGE BY ALL THE
BEST ENGLISH COACH-BUILDERS,
Each fitted with
DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES.
These are the greatest possible luxury both to the occupant and for the horse. Full particulars on application.
On View daily from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

BELGRAVIA.—FOR SALE.—FREEHOLD.
A CHARMING RED-BRICK RESIDENCE, newly built and affording every modern Luxury and Convenience, including Electric Light throughout. The accommodation comprises—
On the UPPER FLOORS, Ten Bed- and Dressing-rooms, and Bath-room, with hot and cold supplies.
On FIRST FLOOR, Handsome Drawing-room, Boudoir, and Third-room, all communicating and separately entered from the spacious landing.
ON GROUND FLOOR, Good Dining-Room, Library, and a large quaint Entrance Hall, approached by vestibule and porch entrance, and having a high wood panelled dado, with fireplace complete; also Lavatory, with hot and cold supplies, &c.
IN THE BASEMENT (of which the walls of the passages, &c., are all in white glazed bricks, from floor to ceiling) are Kitchen, with Scullery, Larders, &c., Housekeeper's-room, Butler's Pantry (with fire-proof Plate Vault), and Footman's Bedroom, also Boot-room, Wine Cellars, Vaults, &c.
THE WHOLE OF THE DRAINAGE and Sanitary Arrangements have been carried out under the supervision of an EMINENT SANITARY ENGINEER, and the house is provided with a WAYGOOD'S PATENT SAFETY PASSENGER LIFT from Basement to Best Bedroom Floor.
Apart from the attractiveness of this Property as a private residence, it presents a HIGH-CLASS INVESTMENT FOR CAPITAL SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR TRUSTEES. If desired, a portion of the purchase-money can remain on Mortgage.
For further particulars apply to the AGENTS, Messrs. MARLER and BENNETT, 175 and 176, Sloane Street, Belgravia, S.W. (11.510.)

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

"SHIRLEY."

Reminiscences are springing up thick just now, what with the crop contained in Miss Stoddart's Life of Professor Blackie, with Mr. Escott's Recollections, and with "The Table-talk of Shirley" (Blackwood). Shirley's papers are very unequal in value. Those on Thackeray and Rossetti are written to contradict the impression that the one was worldly and snobbish, and the other selfish and jealous. Sympathetic readers will accept their friend's statements willingly, but his evidence is not of that convincing kind that makes converts of those who hold hostile opinions. Of Froude, however, he has much that is new to say, and correspondence to show of first-rate interest. The paper was much quoted from at the time of its first appearance, but it stands a second reading. We have heard quite enough for the time of Froude the indiscreet, the partial, the inaccurate. The other side is good to hear from the mouth of a man who found him as lovable as he was inspiring. That Mr. Skelton never found him wrong-headed or imprudent—not even in his dealings with the Carlyle papers—does not help to distort our vision of him. One pathetic paper, called "Mainly About Those Who Failed," contains a vivid picture of one remarkable Scot not all a failure, if he never attained to the fame his abilities should have brought him—Patrick Alexander, one of the rare unambitious men of genius who "would send a scrap of verse worthy of Clough or Matthew Arnold to a provincial paper—and there an end." It is in some of these minor reminiscences that Shirley is best. Here is a little glimpse of a young writer in his obscurity that one catches with a sympathetic eye. Mr. Skelton had gone with "the Principal" (Tulloch)

across the fields to dine at the cottage which our friends from Heriot Row then occupied during the dog-days. It was from this cottage that possibly the most charming of our younger Scottish writers went out into the world to try his luck. He was only a lad at the time—he was not at home that night—and hardly anyone except his mother guessed as yet what was in store. But she was prescient, as mothers are, and she lent us, I remember, a volume in which juvenile contributions to local journals had been carefully put together and preserved. We read them next morning—the Principal in his bedroom before breakfast, as was his way—and we then agreed that, whatever came of it, here was a fresh voice, with a note delicate and unborrowed as the lark's. N.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS'
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: A Biography. By ANNA M. STODDART. With an Etching after Sir George Reid's Portrait of the Professor, and other Illustrations. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 21s.

THE TABLE-TALK OF SHIRLEY: Reminiscences of, and Letters from Froude, Thackeray, Disraeli, Browning, Rossetti, Kingsley, Baynes, Huxley, Tyndall, and others. By JOHN SKELTON, C.B., LL.D. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CHAPTERS IN AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE: Sir Richard Church in Italy and Greece. By E. M. CHURCH. With Photogravure Portrait. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

SOME MEMORIES OF PARIS. By F. ADOLPHUS. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Next Week.]

POST MERIDIANA: Afternoon Essays. By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., Author of "Meridiana: Noontide Essays," "Life of W. H. Smith," "A Duke of Britain," &c. Post 8vo, 6s. [Immediately.]

DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET. Scenes in a West Country Hamlet. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

KATHLEEN CLARE. Her Book, 1637-1641. Edited by DORA G. M'CHESNEY. With a Frontispiece; and 5 full-page illustrations by James A. Shearman. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

STANDARD EDITION IN HALF-CROWN VOLUMES.

Now Ready:

ADAM BEDE. 2 vols.	ROMOLA. 2 vols.
THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. 2 vols.	SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. 2 vols.
FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. 2 vols.	MIDDLEMARCH. 3 vols.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY.

Edited by the DUKE of BEAUFORT, K.G., and A. E. T. WATSON.

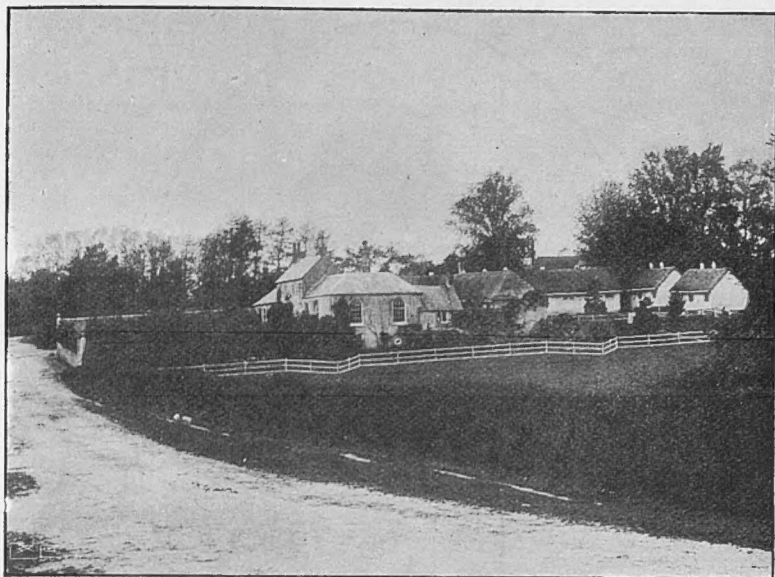
CYCLING.

By the Right Hon. the EARL of ALBEMARLE and G. LACY HILLIER. With 14 Plates and 42 Illustrations in the Text by the Earl of Albemarle, Joseph Pennell, S. T. Dadd, and George Moore. New and thoroughly Revised Edition (the Fifth). Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

* * * This book has been almost entirely re-written, and is brought up to date so far as it has been possible to do so. Many of the illustrations are new to this edition, and racing records are brought up to Jan. 1, 1895

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

THE WINNER OF THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

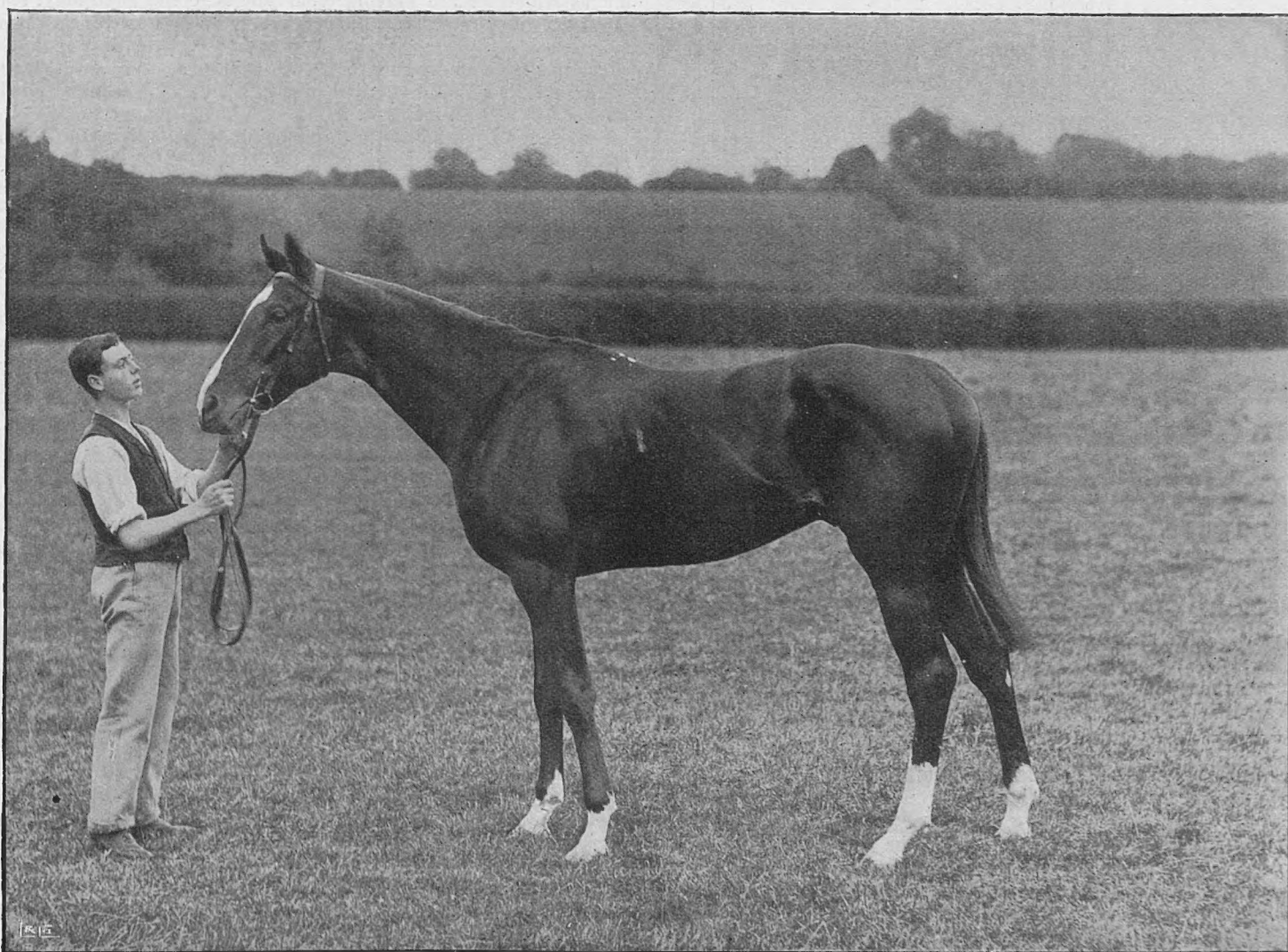
THE HERMITAGE, ARUNDEL.



THE TRAINING STABLES.

It is asserted of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., that he once admitted that Hermit was the "best friend he possessed." The right hon. gentleman was, therefore, no doubt pleased to hear of Missal's success in the Duke of York Stakes, as the winner is one of the last of Hermit's stock, the dam being Dart. Missal is a bay colt, with four white socks. He looks all over a blood animal. Missal was foaled in 1891. On his dam's side he traces back to Stockwell, Pocahontas, and Birdcatcher, so he can be said to be perfectly bred. Mr. Cohen bought the colt at the December sales of '93 for 900 odd guineas. He only ran once as a two-year-old, when he won the Maiden Plate at Warwick for Mr. A. M. Singer. Out of seven events as a three-year-old, the only one he won was the Palatine Handicap (five furlongs) at Manchester, in which he beat some fine sprinters. Missal was one of the early fancies for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood last year, but he did not go to the post. He has run

altogether nine times this year, and his second for the Portland Plate at Doncaster, and again for the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, should have brought him into more prominence for the Kempton race. Missal is trained by Alfred Day, a son of William of Woodyates, who has heathy downs to work on in the neighbourhood of Arundel. Mr. Alfred Day was educated for the medical profession, but he preferred his present calling, and he has done well, among his big winners being *The Rejected*, whom he prepared for the Lincoln Handicap. Many of the boldest critics always held to the opinion that Missal could not stay a yard over six furlongs, but Mr. Day would have it the colt could get a mile, and he is right. It may not be generally known that it was Mr. Day who trained Victor Wild. Wall, the jockey who rode Missal to victory, is the father of a large family. Although he is rather above the middle-age, he can go to scale at 6 st. 9 lb.



MISSAL.

THE GRAND ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

Perhaps it is cavilling to suggest that "Grand English Opera" is rather an unhappy title for a season of foreign operas done in English, and it is sad to think that no work from an English pen is yet announced. However, I do not mean to suggest that Balfe or Wallace should be produced, or any of the *succès d'estime* of living English composers. It is sad, but the audience on Saturday gives one hope, since, although there was no name in the company to conjure with, the huge house was crammed with people assembled to listen to "Tannhäuser"—work of the man despised and rejected by us in 1877—a work which the critics of Dresden treated harshly fifty years ago. Such enthusiasm as was shown for such music must, in the end, breed composers. For not only was the house crowded, but it seemed to delight in what it heard—indeed, it was more friendly than critical.

It would be harsh and unwise to scrutinise closely the performance—the first of a novel venture—for it was not to be expected that all would go well. No doubt, there is ground for complaints that have been made concerning the cuts, particularly in the first act. Moreover, it unfortunately happened that Mr. E. C. Hedmond's voice was not in good order—which is not surprising, seeing what a burden has been upon his shoulders; and though at times he sang well enough to justify the applause that he received, he seemed weary and nervous, particularly in the first act. His acting, despite some exuberance of gesture, was better than is usually seen on the opera stage.

Miss Alice Esty was a very pleasing Elizabeth, using her pretty voice in excellent style, and producing a very good effect. The success of the evening was Mr. David Bispham's Wolfram, in which his splendid voice and artistic singing really delighted the house: nothing in his career has, to my knowledge, been of such high quality. The orchestra is exceedingly good, and was very well conducted by Mr. Feld: the chorus, though rather ragged at first, did some of its work admirably. Altogether, though one cannot speak without some dispraise, it may be said that the new venture has begun so well that it deserves the success which it seems likely to enjoy.

Mdlle. Olitzka is the daughter of a Polish Jew, whose beautiful voice led to his holding the appointment of head-reader in the first Berlin synagogue, where his chanting of the Jewish melodies was always a special feature. All Herr Olitzka's children inherited his gift, and a younger sister of the subject of this sketch possesses a lovely soprano voice now being trained. Mdlle. Rosa rejoices in a rich contralto, and



MDLLE. OLITZKA AS CARMEN.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

at the Vienna Court Opera, though her father then decided that she was too young to accept this engagement.

Success has everywhere crowned the young artist's path in England. She has twice toured through the provinces with Sir Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company, playing in a long repertoire the parts of Ortruda in "Lohengrin," "Carmen," and "Orfeo." In Liverpool and Manchester



MR. GEORGE HENSCHER, ONE OF THE CONDUCTORS.

Photo by Schulz, Riga.

she has sung at concerts conducted by Sir Charles Hallé. At the present time she will only remain a week or two with the English Opera Company, as on Nov. 1 she sails for America, having been engaged to appear in grand Italian opera, at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the management of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, where she will be associated with Melba and Calvé. In the beginning of May, however, she returns to these shores, to reappear in grand opera.

"I have sung in German, French, English, and Italian," Mdlle. Olitzka remarked, over the tea-cups. "At first I found English so difficult, but now I like it very much; and especially for the Wagner operas which we are playing, your language fits admirably, and is so dramatic. It is so pleasant to sing and act in a variety of languages. In America I shall have the principal contralto parts in Italian, German, and French. I am looking forward to appearing there, as I have never visited the New World yet; but here in London I (and my married sister, who is always with me) have found such good friends and been so kindly received on all sides that the life is a most enjoyable one. I love my work, and the more I have to do the happier I am. When my father died, last February, I was doing a round of concerts in Germany, and had just sung before the King of Saxony in Dresden; but I cancelled every engagement for the time being, till Sir Augustus Harris wrote me a very kind letter, advising me to begin work again, as the more I had to do the less I should feel my loss, and I have proved the truth of his words."

Miss Agnes Janson is to be the Carmen to-morrow; her beautiful voice is never heard to better advantage than in a large theatre, as was proved when she sang through two seasons of the regular Italian opera in London, appearing with marked success as Stephano in "Romeo," Siebel in "Faust," Mercedes in "Carmen," Gipsy Queen in "Bohemian Girl," and Rosette in "Manon." Miss Janson commenced her musical education at the Royal Academy in her native Stockholm, but, not being satisfied with her own progress there, she went to Professor Hugo Berger for lessons in dramatic singing, and, after studying a short time with him, obtained a two years' engagement at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, where all the leading contralto parts were entrusted to her, such as Amneris in "Aida," Fides in "The Prophet," &c.

Mr. Ernest Mitchell, the brother of Madame Melba (*née* Nellie Mitchell), who means to have him trained as a vocalist, is quite a lad, being still only eighteen. His sister entertains high hopes of his future, and, to use her own words, declares that "He has got the sweetest, most divine tenor voice that ever came from mortal lips." Such approbation from a female Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed, and we shall all be wondering whether Ernest Mitchell will ever take audiences by storm as Madame Melba does.

On the last night of the engagement of Mr. Ben Greet's company at Liverpool a singularly interesting programme was given, the play presented being "Othello," with Mr. H. B. Irving in the title-part, and Mr. Laurence Irving as Iago. Their distinguished father, it will be remembered, was always far less successful as the jealous Moor than as "mine Ancient."

after giving a couple of concerts in London, she was speedily engaged by Sir Augustus Harris, and in 1893 made her début at Covent Garden in "Siegfried." Before trying her fate in England Mdlle. Olitzka had been heard in the great concerts at Berlin, Frankfort, and other German towns, and at the very beginning of her career received an offer to play



MISS FANNY MOODY, NOW APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

SMALL TALK.

A paragraph has gone round the provincial papers stating that the Queen has been exceptionally busy of late, "messengers daily arriving at Balmoral and departing." As a matter of fact, a messenger always arrives at Balmoral from London every morning, except Monday, and one is despatched from the Castle to London every afternoon, except Saturday. This has been the arrangement for the last thirty years; but now the train service is so much improved that the messenger does not leave King's Cross until 2.30 p.m., instead of 10 a.m., yet he arrives at the same hour, six o'clock, as formerly, next morning. The return messenger, moreover, leaves Balmoral two hours later, and arrives in London more than two hours earlier. The Queen also has a private telegraph-wire, which runs direct from Balmoral to London.

The Queen paid a visit to Birkhall last week. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and drove in an open carriage and four, by way of Ballater. Birkhall was originally purchased by the late Prince Consort for the Prince of Wales, and the latter sold it to the Queen six years ago. The house is small, but it is surrounded by a fine estate of over seven thousand acres, all "in a ring fence," and has first-rate shooting and capital fishing, while the scenery in Glen Muick is most romantic. The Birkhall estate adjoins Balmoral on the south, so that the purchase of it enabled the Queen to "consolidate" her Highland property.

The Queen is to leave Balmoral on either Nov. 14 or 15, and will then reside at Windsor Castle until about Dec. 20, when the Court is to proceed to Osborne for two months. Her Majesty will go abroad just before Easter, but nothing has yet been settled about this foreign trip, and the stories about villas having been inspected on her behalf in the neighbourhood of Naples and Spezia are mere inventions.

The first winter party at Sandringham is to assemble on Friday, Nov. 8, and there is to be a dance on the following day in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. Next week the Prince will have a couple of days' pheasant-shooting in the royal preserves in Windsor Great Park, provided "the leaf" is then sufficiently off. The preserves fairly swarm with pheasants and ground game, and there should be a tremendous slaughter.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert has now been laid up at Portsmouth for the winter. The Alberta, which has been at Portsmouth since the departure of the Court from the Isle of Wight, is to be overhauled and refitted during the next few weeks, so that she may be ready for service during the Queen's winter residence at Osborne.

Old Balliol men will certainly be pleased to hear of a new club that has been started at Harvard University. I refer to the Jowett Club, which has been started for the benefit of those students and tutors alike who take joy in their classics as pure literature, and not merely for examination purposes. Weekly breakfasts, at which discussion of classical authors will be invited, are to form leading features of this Massachusetts club in honour of Jowett.

Mr. Hall Caine must have done nothing on landing in New York but entertain interviewers. The *Tribune* man recognises in Mr. Caine "a humanitarian." The *Commercial Advertiser* says his hair is red: "It is unqualifiably red. The Englishman had a cane." The *Sun* says he "spoke with animation, and used his hands and arms frequently in gesticulating." The *Times* assures us "his manner is as gentle as that of a girl, and his voice is well modulated and sweetly toned." The *Brooklyn World* says "his eyes are big and deep, black in the shadow, but with a weird tint of burnished gold in the light." "There's a picture for you!" as another American, Mr. R. G. Knowles, would say.

Paris is the city of boulevard baptisms. And when fickle Lutetia either loves or loses someone whom she delights to honour, the inevitable ceremony of new signature for an old street is proposed and carried with acclamation. To this Athenian love of fresh features M. Pasteur's death has given fresh excuse, and a movement to substitute the great scientist's name for the present Boulevard de Vaugirard is already on foot. Old Notre Dame certainly made a most impressive appearance on Saturday, its mediæval walls entirely shrouded in black, streaked at intervals with ermine, while the catafalque on which all that remained earthly of Louis Pasteur rested was crowned by an immense canopy of black velvet suspended from its venerable roof. Among the million messages of condolence sent from all parts was one from the Empress Eugénie, who, signing herself Comtesse de Pierrefonds, wrote, "I deeply regret the loss of our illustrious *savant*, who was one of the glories of France, and whom I had the privilege to know and appreciate."

I remember, some time ago, singing in this column the praises of aluminium, which I was assured, on the authority of a friend learned in such things, was quite the coming metal. Among its various admirable qualities was its immunity from corroding. Well, all I can say is that, if it does not corrode, it most certainly discolours—at any rate, in our London's smoky atmosphere. We all remember how, but a comparatively short time since, the aluminium statue which on one toe so gracefully surmounts the fountain at Piccadilly Circus shone bright and silvery in the sunshine. Where is that brightness now? The statue, at a short distance,

looks to be of the same material as the fountain itself—that is to say, a very dirty bronze. Whether the figure can be restored to its pristine glitter and shine, I really cannot say—perhaps an expert will enlighten us; but, at least, the County Council, in whose charge, I believe, are our London monuments, might bestow a little attention on this work of art. It could, at any rate, be cleaned, and such a particularly urbane assemblage as the Council might even, one would suppose, spare a little of their superfluous polish for an individual occupying almost as exalted a position as their own.

One of the most striking scenes in Coolgardie is the sort of impromptu Stock Exchange which is held every evening in the hall of the fine building recently erected by the London and Western Australian Exploration Company. If any additional evidence were necessary to prove the high pitch of excitement in consequence of the recent phenomenal finds, a stroll in here on any evening will supply it. For my own part (writes a correspondent), I walked in quite by accident, and was astounded when I learnt what was going on, and that these rough, unkempt-looking men, most of whom were miners just in from their day's work, were actually dealing among themselves in valuable securities. I had been told that I must not judge from appearances in Coolgardie, and when I looked round I realised that such must be the case, for I would not have given much for the whole crowd as it looked. I learnt that, although not officially recognised by the Coolgardie Stock Exchange, the sales in this open market, which is a sort of *petite* Bourse, have a certain effect on the official market prices. For every lot sold a commission of 2s. 6d. is charged, which is not excessive in the case of a big deal.

The cattle-show reporter is scarcely known in his primeval profundity on this side of the Border. More's the pity, for he can turn out exceedingly amusing "copy." Of course, we have the sporting journalist, with his extraordinary lingo, but he lacks the sincerity and the loving-kindness of the biographer of bulls. I never miss the opportunity of reading the agricultural news in a North Country paper that I sometimes get, but which I shall not name, for fear there might be too great a run on it by satiated Cockneys in search of a humorous sensation. I know nothing whatever about agriculture, but this journal's representative is so genuinely amusing that I make a point of reading him. The other day, in describing a famous shorthorn herd, he was in excellent form. Rose of Sharon, I learn, is a "fine strapping cow—a big roomy red with a considerable dash of English blood." Princess Something-or-other is a "red with fine kindly eye in her head—a capital feminine type." Mountain Maid is "a particularly handsome short-legged cow, of great quality and substance, with a fine wide chest." A first-class animal is known usually as a "plum," a term which, I believe, was invented by the expert who writes for the newspaper in question. Dr. Murray, of Oxford, should take in the paper apropos of his dictionary.

With the official returns showing so great an improvement in trade, with folks making money "hand over fist" in the South African and Western Australian markets, with quite a rush of new companies, for the shares in which there appears to be a scramble of investors or speculators, and with things generally booming a bit all round, it seems odd that several undeniably attractive building sites at the West-End lie fallow month after month. The two most remarkable are, I think, the space in St. James's Square, where once stood the heavy-looking mansion of the last Duke of Cleveland, and the huge piece of ground where was that home of opera Her Majesty's Theatre. This last is, in its present state, a most unsightly blot on Western London, and it seems strange that not one of the various schemes to which rumour has devoted it has yet been carried into execution. I see the gloomy Opera Arcade, with its old-fashioned looking shops, still exists untouched, and a notice informs the occasional wayfarer that it will not be interfered with. It is strange, to old frequenters of the historic house, to see the doors on the eastern side of the Arcade, which formerly led into the great theatre, and now, if opened, would lead to heaps of rubbish and partly demolished foundations, still existing as they did when I was a lad—I don't like to publish how many years ago.

On the night of September's last Saturday I strolled down Piccadilly in a pessimistic frame of mind. The heat was awful, the town seemed deserted, and I had been reading "News from Nowhere," by William Morris. The book had forced upon me the conclusion that London is ugly, and, starting with these premises, I was rapidly getting into a condition that would have enabled me to give Schopenhauer and Carlyle ten pounds and a beating over any distance. And then, as he who distinguishes the name of Kipling observes, a strange thing happened. Just past the Bachelors' Club I noticed a sudden redness in the sky, and, a few seconds after, saw that there was a huge fire on between Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares. And then a crowd seemed to come from all directions, Pimlico, Hyde Park, and Piccadilly, and there was a moment of sickening suspense when rumour said that the stables of the London General Omnibus Company were on fire, and that the poor 'bus-horses were in danger. A few seconds later and the fire-engines came up with a rush from neighbouring stations, leaving a long train of smoke and hot ashes. The crowd waxed enthusiastic, and, as soon as my pessimism saw the gallant helmeted ones, it took to flight and troubled me no more. I gather from this that the shock of a calamity—to other people—is an excellent cure for the grumbling condition of mind resulting from a too-comfortable state.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET, AT THE LYCEUM.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



I have read with much diversion "The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls" (Longmans, Green), written by Bertha Upton, and illustrated by Florence Upton. Peggy and Sarah Jane are very lively dolls indeed, but they have a sense of the proprieties. Observing that they are entirely without clothes, they hit on the happy idea of pulling down the



American flag and turning it into garments. I hope this will not be regarded by American patriots—General James Longstreet, for example—as a deliberate British insult to the Stars and Stripes. The dolls are Dutch, a circumstance that may bring Holland into the fray, unless Mr. Cleveland, by timely diplomacy, cools the wrath of the fiery Longstreet. Peggy and Sarah Jane engage in various adventures, which show that severe discipline is not maintained in every doll's house. The drawings are full of humour. The picture here reproduced illustrates the following lines—

The lock unlatched, the lid springs up,
Knocks Sarah on her back;
With flying hair
And trying stare,
Out of the box springs "Jack."

Our naughty Peg enjoys the scene,
Laughs long with fiendish glee;
Next takes to flight,
Gets out of sight,
Fresh tricks to plan, you'll see.

The poor wretch who threw a bomb at Rothschild's Bank, in Paris, has met with the punishment due to his misdeeds; the man morally responsible for this Anti-Semitic outrage, M. Drumont, maintains the even tenor of his way in the *Libre Parole*. His methods remind me of what may be seen at any meeting of so-called Anarchists. Some man who has never done a day's work in his life will inflame a weak-kneed, half-minded fellow to do damage; the law provides a heavy penalty for the offence, and leaves the agitator to his devices. It seems a pity that this should be so—that men who can use a pen with disregard to everything but their own perverse sentiments should get fellow-creatures of weak intellect into trouble. Mr. Anti-Semite Drumont probably has a good regard for his own skin. He writes all the evil he can, with nothing to fear but a duel *à la Française*, for which see Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad." Should a prosecution be his fate, he would willingly become a martyr. There are some men in this world on whom the punishment meted out to Mr. Stiggins by the elder Mr. Weller would have a good effect. Perhaps M. Drumont may experience that punishment some day.

The long series of Jewish holidays, which has lasted, on and off, from Sept. 18 to Oct. 12, has had a curious effect upon the Stock Exchange, where the chosen people do practically as they like. During their absence, the African mining market was weakened to an extent that cost speculative investors thousands of pounds. In the first week of October I met a merry speculator who, at the beginning of the year, would have borrowed a five-pound note from me, and could at this moment lend me five of the largest notes issued by the Bank of England, and never miss them if I straightway departed to a land where the English magistrate's warrant does not run. We lunched together, and, to my great surprise, he commenced to abuse the Jewish race. "What has made you an apostle of vengeance?" I inquired. "Oh, I don't mean them any harm, really," he replied; "it's their holidays I object to. As soon as they went home for their Tabernacle Festival, the Paris Bourse commenced to sell African Mines. There was nobody here to bear up against it, and away things went. Had it been an ordinary day, the Jewish element would have kept the market up. There ought to be some legislation against their desertion of the House on business days." As the lunch was a very good one, and, in addition, he was in the chair, I did not think it necessary to disagree with the suggestion.

I never fail to die with laughter when Arthur Roberts is on the stage. The curtain comes down, and restores me to life, and to the varied odium of my profession. Unhappily, I can't spend every evening dying with laughter at Arthur Roberts; but when I saw his "Adventures" on a railway bookstall, I said, "Thank goodness, I can die in the train!" This enjoyment was frustrated by a wretched creature of my acquaintance who joined me unexpectedly, and talked all the way. The crowning mischance was that I left the book in the compartment, and I suppose several guards, inspectors, and porters have died since. Then I moped for awhile; but, suddenly, "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts" turned up in the office, and I carried home the volume, carefully avoiding everybody I knew. I rushed upstairs, locked myself in, and prepared to die with guffaws, so to speak. That delightful euthanasia was again denied me. Arthur Roberts, in a book, does not make me die. I read pages of him over and over again, and tried to fancy I heard his voice—but I remained painfully alive. Here and there I had a symptom of dissolution. The account of the game of Spoof is diverting. If Arthur Roberts were to tell it on the stage, I should be a blessed corpse.

I hear that the new light opera at the Lyric, with the somewhat puzzling title of "The Bric-à-Brac Will," is in a very active state of rehearsal, and, it is hoped, will be ready for production towards the end of the present month. The scene of the strange adventures of the will, and those who search for the same, is, I understand, laid partly in Venice and partly in an island owned by a desperate brigand, and the period chosen is the middle of the sixteenth century. The Doge of Venice and the Doge's daughter will, I believe, play important parts—indeed, the latter, if I mistake not, is the heroine. An unfortunate childish betrothal, and a still more unfortunate mature attachment to an illustrious stranger, will produce uncomfortable complications. The will which plays so considerable a part in these events exists on an ancient piece of bric-à-brac—a vase, to wit—and it enacts that the owner of this vase may claim the hand of the descendant of the will-maker, provided, I suppose, that that distinguished person is unmarried. When I say that the illustrious stranger referred to is the heir in question, and that the vase falls into strange and unwished-for hands, there is no necessity to point out how varied and peculiar may be the situations that arise. The libretto gives excellent opportunities for pretty scenery and lovely frocks.

With regard to the music—a somewhat important item—much is anticipated, for it is from the pen of that talented young composer Emilio Pizzi, who was a fellow-student of Mascagni. Pizzi is only three-and-thirty, having been born at Verona in 1862. Besides his grand opera of "William Ratcliff," based on Heine's poem—for which, at Bologna in 1889, he won the highest prize awarded to any composer in Italy—he has written the opera of "Gabriella," in which, it may be remembered, Adelina Patti scored so great a success in the United States, where the young composer was pronounced to have a musical imagination of much sensibility, and plenty of technical skill to boot.



"BEG, SIR!"

Photo by Edgar Scamell, Crouch Hill, N.

When, in Bible days, the prophet remarked that all men were liars, sporting prophets were not invented. Had they been, the more reputable seer would probably have said, "All men are liars, but my sporting brethren are adjectived liars." A particularly unblushing fraud came to my knowledge a few hours after the Stewards' Cup race was run, and Missal, starting at twenty to one, had placed the five-thousand-pound stake to the credit of Arthur Cohen, formerly of the *Financial News*, and now, I believe, of the Gaiety Theatre. A certain tipster, whose information and reliable wires emanate from an obscure alley in Fleet Street, did not have one solitary job in connection with the race. Business has been very bad with him of late, and he complained to my informant that he could ill afford to pay for his advertisements in the sporting papers. When the result of the race was published, the good man's face lighted up with a huge smile. He instantly drew up a little notice: "Bill Findem sent Missal in all his wires. His Saturday Nap successful. No other tipster gave Missal," &c. No man can point to a wire that gave any other horse, for reasons stated above, and the tipster told my informant that such a piece of luck should set him up for a month.

Writing of racing reminds me of what happened on the 7th inst. to a man I know. He believes in dreams, and has an idea that some Providence gives very good tips to sleepers. I was with him on the preceding night at a small supper-party, where light and leading did congregate in mult.

Count Palli, Lady Hayes, Countess Soltek, and many more. The rooms, quite covered with floral offerings, made a very gay appearance, and dancing was kept up until past midnight. So much for our century-end octogenarians! It is palpably the young people who prose nowadays, while their grandmothers, with excellent philosophy, pirouette.

The popularity of Mr. Sims Reeves does not wane with the years. At Queen's Hall, where he sang rather more than a week ago, the building was crammed almost to suffocation, and people had no room to do anything but breathe and applaud. Seats were sold at unusual rates, and gallery tickets, costing sixpence each, fetched eightpence. The veteran tenor was offered a long engagement to sing at the same place, but I believe his numerous contracts prevented him from entering into arrangements. It is difficult to name a singer whom, after many years, the public will go so far to hear. Mr. Sims Reeves need not go in search of new songs; the old ones, which he sings inimitably, are what the public wants. They will never tire of hearing them.

For most of us the period of holiday-making is now, alas! "gone far away into the distant land" of next summer, but the scenes that are associated with past enjoyment have their abiding-place in the mind's eye. The view of the Avenue at Llandegai, given on this page, is borrowed from the *Album Supplement* for next Monday,



Photo by Toulton and Sons, Lee.

LLANDEGAI AVENUE.

FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ALBUM," "THROUGH NORTH WALES—SECOND SERIES," PUBLISHED OCT. 21.

My friend has a weakness for the good things of this world, and was so attentive to lobster mayonnaise, and kindred horrors of the long-suffering liver, that he went to bed and dreamed a dream in which Anarchists took a prominent part. He told me one was running away with him, and, though his friends pursued on his behalf, they could not catch the Anarchist. Over his breakfast of soda-water on the Monday morning the sufferer saw that a horse called The Anarchist was running in the first race at the Dunstall Park Meeting. He straightway forgot his headache, and was in the highest spirits. He seldom bets, but took a cab down to a well-known club, where an accommodating bookmaker was willing to lay The Anarchist. Despite his convictions, the dreamer backed the horse both ways, and then wandered about town waiting for the 1.45 race result to come up on the tape. It came at last, and Anarchist, starting at 100 to 8 against, was—third in a field of six. As there was no place-betting, that dream cost ten pounds, and my friend is expected to join the Anti-Gambling League.

The old lady of the moment in London is decidedly Mrs. Keeley, whom we are all looking forward to see and render salutes to on her approaching ninetieth birthday. But Paris has her wonderful old lady, too, whose eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated by a dinner and dance, at which this well-known figure in Parisian society took vigorous and interested part. Mrs. Walden Pett's birthday parties have had each year a special vogue as the aged hostess continued to merrily run up her account with Time, but Wednesday, being the eighty-fifth anniversary, had a special significance. Among many well-known guests assembled in the charming salons were Madame Emma James, Baroness de Klenck,

which consists of a second series of picturesque glimpses of North Wales, admirably reproduced. The landscape numbers, which are thus alternated with the portraits and other subjects given in the *Album Supplements*, promise one day to form a complete pictorial guide to the most favourite districts of our beautiful country. Among the other features of this number are portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Juliet, and Mrs. Campbell Praed, the popular novelist.

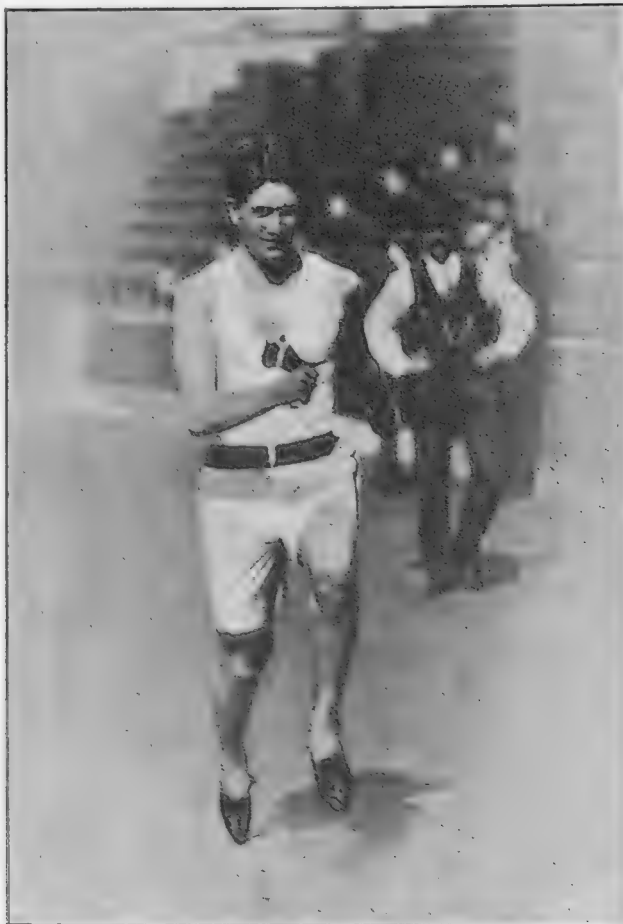
A correspondent writes me apropos of the paragraph in these columns last week about the Paynes and their connection with Covent Garden, especially in the pantomime "Ali Baba"—

You are [he says] under a wrong impression in stating that Rachel Sanger played Morgiana. This rôle was played by Ada Harland (now Mrs. B. L. Fargeon, I believe), and Rachel Sanger played Hassarac, the Captain of the Forty Thieves. I quote from the play-bill which I have before me, and which states that this pantomime was produced in December, 1866.

Another correspondent writes—

Your article on the recent railway run in America is not quite accurate. Comparison is made between the *gross* time of the English train and the *net* running time of the American train. The London and North Western train ran 540 miles in 512 minutes, including stops; that is at the rate of 63.28 miles an hour. The New York Central train was not so fast as this, for it ran 436½ miles in 414½ minutes, including stops; that is at the rate of 63.18 miles an hour. The American train had to run through cities, but it had no gradients to surmount at all approaching those by Shap in difficulty, and the traffic on the line was not so heavy. Moreover, the last hundred miles in Scotland presented the greatest difficulties of the journey. The fastest regular train in the world is, at present, the 8 p.m. from Euston to Perth, which runs 450 miles in 520 minutes. The Empire State Express runs 440 miles in the same time.

It is pretty safe to say that the recent defeat of the London Athletic Club by the New York Athletic Club will prove to have been the first of a long series of meetings between the two countries. The British athletes, far from being disgraced, as appeared from a superficial observance of the result, have nothing to be ashamed of. The times all

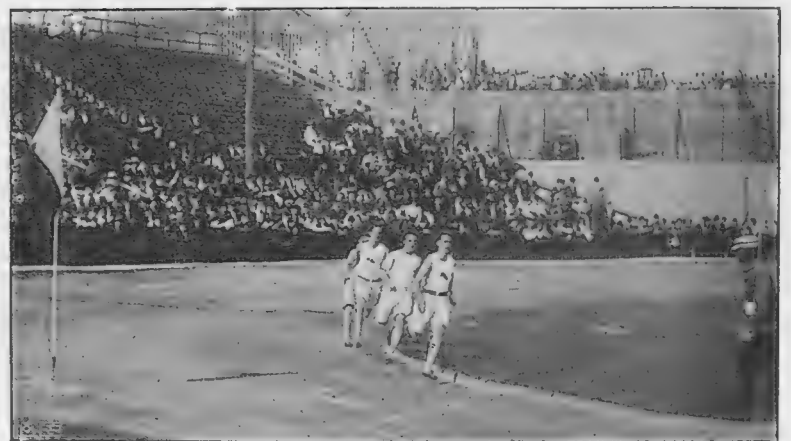


J. V. CRUM, NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.



THE FIRST LAP IN THE MILE RACE.

due to the undoubted brilliance of the New York Athletic Club's representatives, among whom were ten amateur champions. Three new world's records were made at this meeting—1 min. 53½ sec. for the



THE FIRST LAP IN THE HALF-MILE RACE.

round were of great excellence, and not even the deduction that tracks in America must be better than ours can hide the fact that the English runners could not have done better. That we lost all eleven events was

half-mile by C. J. Kilpatrick, 6 ft. 5½ in. running high jump by M. F. Sweeney, and 21½ sec. for the 220 yards by B. J. Wefers, while Wefers also equalled the world's record of 9½ sec. in the 100 yards.

Jack White (trainer). Mr. Herbert. Williams. Jordan. Oakley. Robertson. Mr. Sherman. Stephenson. Mendelson.



Bradley. Lutjens. Horan. FitzHerbert. Downer.
Wilkins. Captain Shaw.

THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE ATHLETES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. D. BURTON.

It will be some sort of compensation to Englishmen, after the defeat of the athletes, and, in a less degree, of the amateur cricketers in America, if the four composed of the professional rowers Barry, Haines, Bubear, and Wingate, who have just left in the steamship *City of New York* for Austin, prove successful in the Texas Regatta. It must be confessed that the race, which takes place early next month, will not be looked forward to with unswerving confidence. It is agreed that such men as Harding and Sullivan, who are undoubtedly the finest scullers we have (though Sullivan is a New Zealander), should not be absent from a representative boat. At the same time, the team is fairly entitled to the title of Champion Four of England, seeing that they have defeated all-comers for the last three years, in both fours and pairs, at the National Regatta. Each has, at various times, accomplished good performances, and there is no doubt that plenty of pace can be got on the boat. The result will be awaited with much interest.

I have read the pamphlet in which Mr. George Brooks vindicates his character against the attacks of Mr. Labouchere and others. Mr. Brooks received two hundred pounds of public money the other day for his "literary" merits, and his services to "good government." It came

I have come to the conclusion that commerce knows very little of seasons, and that, to the commercial mind, spring, summer, autumn, and winter are so many trade terms, that convey no suggestion of a particular time of year. This belief was forced upon me when I visited a manufacturer's premises in the City two or three weeks ago, in search of superlative discount. I found his numerous assistants, most of them without coats or in the lightest summer clothing, booking orders for things used in the depth of winter, and showing samples of goods that should not see the light until after Dec. 25. I remonstrated with the proprietor—after I had received the large discount. "How can you have the heart to do a winter's trade," I asked him, "when the thermometer registers seventy, or thereabouts, and, in the country, the leaves are scarcely beginning to turn brown?" "I don't bother about these things," he replied, smiling a prosperous smile; "my samples for Christmas are usually out in March, and most of the buying is done in June. This is very late in the year for wholesale Christmas purchases."

This state of indifference to Nature struck me as being so depraved that I complained seriously to a gifted novelist whom I met at dinner on the evening of the same day. I begged him, in the best interests of



Wingate.

Bubear.

Haines.

Barry.

THE ENGLISH FOUR FOR THE TEXAS REGATTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIRLE, CHANCERY LANE.

out that he had maintained himself for years on doles from people who believed he was a great champion of law and property. The Charity Organisation Society treated him as a professional beggar. Mr. Labouchere and various editors, Tory and Radical, took the same view. Mr. Brooks turns on his "traducers" with a really magnificent glorification of begging. Was not Homer a beggar, and Erasmus? Where would Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, have been but for the support of wealthy patrons? George Brooks adds himself modestly to this list of immortals. He is a beggar, too; but what is the result? He has published a marvellous work called "Industry and Property," which may not be popular now, but will be read with wonder and profit by a later generation. Indeed, when Homer is forgotten, the world will still be sustained by the glory of Brooks. Meanwhile, he is assailed by venomous detractors jealous of his fame. He is in the habit of sending his book to strangers, and asking them to buy it. Will it be credited that many of them treat him as a "tout," refuse to return the book, and appropriate the stamps he has remitted for the postage? And to this great and good man Mr. Balfour gives the paltry sum of two hundred pounds out of the Royal Bounty Fund! It ought to have been two thousand at least; and, if a grateful country should ever be moved to raise a statue to Brooks, I shall be delighted to subscribe.

The Real Ice Skating Rink at Niagara Hall, which proved such a power of attraction in London last season, reopened on Monday.

civilisation, to call attention to it, and show the awful ending that must come upon people who anticipate the seasons. "Something might be made of the matter," he said graciously; "I'll think of it when I have a little more time on my hands, but I shall be very busy up till November." "Christmas stories, I suppose?" I suggested, thinking, with some approach to envy, of the lavish manner in which my friend is represented in Christmas numbers. "Oh no," he said; "I did all my Christmas work months ago, and I've been already paid for a lot of it, worse luck." And then we both reflected, and changed the subject of conversation. I am now quite prepared to hear that men write odes to spring at the end of summer, and harvest-time tales at the end of February. It is well that purchasers of goods and readers of stories are not called upon to recognise that both physical and mental commodities were manufactured out of season.

Mr. José de Nayarro, Mary Anderson's father-in-law, has had a narrow escape. He was alighting from a train, when he slipped off, and fell between the platform and the carriage-wheels. All he suffered was a broken collar-bone.

Commencing with this month's number, the *Studio* will be permanently enlarged and improved by the addition of many pages and of important supplemental illustrations. The price will be increased to one shilling monthly, to meet the great expense incurred by the proposed alterations. The *Studio* improves every month.

PRESS NOTICES ON "PUNCH AND JUDY."

SELECTED BY MAX BEERBOHM.

From the "D-ly T-l-gr-ph."

No! 'Thank Heaven, such a dastardly and puerile farrago of fudge—straining and screaming, but fudge for all that—will never be acclimatised to the apron-strings of Old Mother Stage! I say, thank Heaven I can take an innocent lady down any of our stately streets or through any of our splendid squares, fearing not that at any moment her young ears may be assailed and her young heart racked by the neurotic woes of the so-styled Judy and the blasphemous brutalities of her humpbacked spouse. Britain has no need of such artistic importations. For thoughtless Italy they may do well enough, but here they shall be *anathema*! I have seen all the most glorious stars of our native stage—John Lawrence Toole and Aimée Desclée and Anna Ruppert, and many others whose imperishable names escape me for the moment. As I write of them my quill becomes a fiery torch in my hand, throwing wide the portals of the refulgent past, and I ask you, women of England and men of Albion, which of your wives and daughters you would suffer, without a tear, perchance, of sorrow or of grief, to enact such a part as that of the imbecile, alaphatic Judy? Does not her maniacal groan of "Hoity-toity" leave a nasty taste in your mouth? What does she do when her baby, her babe, her very infant, is torn by a ruthless husband from her arms and thrown into the street? Does she, by the sweet, winsome ways that still are the heritage of good women, try to assuage the heart of her tyrant? Does she seek to shield him from the gallows? Save her darling from the dog? London will not flock to answer these questions! As for the young ruffians—striplings of seven summers, steeped in all the illicit indecency of the modern drama—who stood around and laughed with cold-blooded pleasure at the play, I, for one, will not trust myself to speak of them. I recommend them to the care of 'Thomas James Barnardo.

From the "W-rld."

It is sometimes well, before considering in detail this play or that, to adventure upon what Alan Macalister would have called a "duffanceshun." "Punch and Judy" is of its essence a play demanding a "duffanceshun." It was—to me, at least—so wholly new, as much in conception as in exposition, that I could almost find it in my heart to cry, with Lessing, "*Weil neu, darum ent*" (being new, it is good). But that were, perhaps, to shirk the problem, and I will say at once that, whilst all plays of emotion may be ranked under one of the two heads of soul-drama and drama-of-the-soul, this play somewhat overlaps the line. Perhaps that is rather cryptic. Let me try to make good what I have said. Drama, signifying by its Greek derivative (I speak under correction) some actual output, *some deed*, must find some natural plane for its activity. Now, the soul, having been thus selected, it follows that, in the ratio of its proximity to or remoteness from that plane, the activity must be gauged as being the more or less important when sequestered from that plane. Such a play as "Punch and Judy," in which the soul is, in its activity, for the most part subordinate to the common scheme of action, cannot be placed wholly in either compartment of my "duffanceshun."

Granted these premises, let me say that I thought the new play a singularly beautiful and (I will add, in defiance of sneers) a singularly noble humanity-poem. I see that an esteemed colleague in criticism, with a wit that is my constant admiration, "pooh-poohs" the, to me, exquisite sentiment of the story. I would have him reflect. Is it not right that, once and again, even a Fabian should permit himself to enjoy a little real—if I may use the expression—sentimentality? In these elemental emotions, is there not something fine—a touch of the divinity-flame also? I, who am no sentimentalist (too little so, it may be), was touched by the awful conflict between destiny and human will so delicately suggested in the life-struggle of Judy. With all gratitude for the admirable performance that was given of this part, I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction, borne in upon me in every scene, that there is one woman who, of all European actresses, could realise to the full its ultimate possibilities—I mean Eleonora Duse.

It is a melancholy fact that a critic can hardly ever—I had almost written never—give unstinted praise to any work of art. I wish I could feel myself justified in not cavilling a little at the too tragic note which the author has seen fit to introduce into his scheme in the "defenestration" of the child. A catastrophe so keen seems to me to make too great a demand upon our feelings of pity and awe. It would surely have been finer, more harmonious, and even more truly "of the theatre," had he allowed the child to live, and left the audience in the hope that the problem of this union of two discrepant beings might find, in the future of its offspring, its true solution. But where there is so much that is beautiful, it were childish to say any more in dispraise. Of the acting, I hope to have something to say next week.

From the "Sp-k-r."

Rabelais—or was it another monsieur?—once wrote to the effect that "*C'est un très mauvais vent qui soufflerait à personne de bon*." I can't see why I should dispute a saw *ejusmodi spiritus*; rather, I am fain to accept it "right merrily," like—was it not?—Touchstone. *Allons!* Thus far, then, is sure. A. I wear button-boots. B. The buttons come off. C. A Phyllis, *de nos jours*, sews them on, and I give her a penny for each one. *Ergo*, Phyllis smiles profitably on my unglück. Now, last Saturday, I sallied forth (mark the corollary!) upon the Boulevard South Kensington, exulting in a full complement of buttons. I meet a *camarade*. "*Venez en boire avec?*" he cries. We link arms (so far, it has been an amagnoresis of the merely pleasurable type), and enter the confectioner's, and bespeak a pint of—pardon the Gallicism, there is no exact equivalent—*l'un ordinaire*. We pledge one another. I feel gay, felix, effervescent. We start for the *matinée*. The sun shines so flamboyantly as to interfere with the pavement. My impressions of Punchinello are gaseous, volage, hard to analyse. "*Bravo!*" trips down my tongue, my teeth flashing up like footlights upon the rident dissyllable. I notice someone looking at me curiously, and feel the hand of my friend upon my shoulder. . . . I seem to have made an entry in my note-book and will give it for what it is worth: "Punchinello; not at all Aristotelian." Then follow the first four letters of the alphabet, subdivided into numbers and the formula "post (hic) hoc, ergo propter (hic) hoc." *Sans doute*, these things signified at the time—alas, *ma mémoire*! Or, it may be, the performance was of no dramatic moment. I wish I could tell my readers how I got home. The absence of any such account must vitiate the value of my criticism. But, again, *ma mémoire*!

From the "S-t-r-d-y R-r-w."

I have always maintained that Italy is the land of asses. It has produced more failures in art, theology, and social science than any other country on the map. Being spared a knowledge of the language, I cannot criticise that tedious production, the "Divina Commedia," than which any theological student could

turn out a better prize-poem in a fortnight. Of the ladylike Madonnas of Raphael, and the bride-cake statuary of Michael Angelo, I cannot here do myself the pleasure of speaking. I have only known of one Italian who ever conceived an idea. That was Garibaldi, and his idea was that great national problems could be solved by his wearing a red flannel shirt. The production of the Italian comedy of "Punchinello" did not, therefore, raise any false hopes in my breast. It was not likely that such a nation would put forth a passable play, and so I was able to take up my position on the kerb with a perfectly unbiassed mind.

When a man has fallen badly between two stools, it is more interesting to study his bruises than his efforts in equilibrium. The author of this play has fallen very badly indeed, and, if only his name transpired, I should be one of the first to visit him in whatever State-aided home for fallen dramatists he may be lying. Meantime, I can only point out the manner in which he fell, as a warning to the rest. All the first part of the play in which we are called upon to watch Punch's growing indifference to his wife, and her devotion to her baby (a motive I was very glad to see dropped—out of window) may be dismissed at once. I don't profess to know anything about Human Nature myself, but everybody admits that it is always the same all the world over, and, consequently, it must be, at this time of day, a threadbare and impossible subject for dramatic treatment. The author had his chance in the second part of the play—from Punch's murder of the baby onwards. Here was a theme which, sensibly handled, might have been interesting. Here was an opportunity for a dramatic exposition of the relation of the State to the individual, civic assertion of the right to punish a member of the community who has transgressed its law. What does our author do? On comes a beadle with a red waistcoat. The man with the drum (an admirable performer, by the way, who supplied the one attractive part of the entertainment) executes his *leit motif*. A dreary stychomathic discussion between beadle and criminal is followed by a bit of what, I am told, is called "knock-about." Finally, a property gallows is rigged up, and, by a silly stratagem, such as would gladden the heart of M. Sardou, the beadle gets hung. This is Italian drama!

Some of my colleagues appeared to be unduly familiar with the story, and advised me to study some of the literature connected with it. I have not the slightest intention of doing so. The story is a stupid one, stupidly told, and, sooner than have anything more to do with it, I would offer to learn the concertina or spend the afternoon with an English Gentleman.

From the "S-nd-y T-m-s."

There may be pleasanter ways of spending an afternoon than witnessing the play of "Punch and Judy." There may be; but, if there are, I know them not.

I may be peculiar in this, but I do revel in fantasy, and fantastic this play assuredly is; more so than anything even by M. Maeterlinck, whom I like, too, for his

Gaze on the illimitable margin of the mind,

as 'tis writ in Shelley (another demigod of mine). There is a dash of Thackeray, too, in the theme—not the Thackeray of "Pendennis," but he of the "Round-about Papers." Have you read them? They are delightful.

To return. Fantasy is the dominant note of this little tragedy (for a tragedy can be little, like anything else). It made me sit up and rub my eyes in the effort to reconcile some of its action with the eternal verities, of which I think every self-respecting critic should carry an alphabetical list about with him. After all, however, one does not try to reconcile the flight of a skylark with anything, so let the imagination of the playwright soar at its own sweet will. I did wish that the meaning of most of the lines in the play were just a little less obscure. But one need not grudge the intellectual exercise it is to interpret them (each after his kind), and, besides, they were spoken with ineffable beauty of rhythm and scholarly intelligence by each member of the cast. I think their very monotony had a kind of charm, as who should say—

Sounds yet again reiterate in ecstasy.

The execution scene was well staged and impressed me deeply. In fact, everything was *couleur d'Edward Rose*.

From the "D-ly T-l-gr-ph." (Second Notice.)

Yes! Thank Heaven, Old Drama is alive—and kicking, too, kicking the snakes and scandalmongers who would have sullied her fair fame with their peering through the keyhole of the dissecting-room, and their whispering in "independent" corners. We Englishmen will not flinch from welcoming this, her latest bantling because, forsooth, it comes to us out of an egg that was hatched under an Italian vine. We like such bantlings, and I, for one, will wave my cap in the air, and cry, in the lingo of the modern dude, "Good old Italy!" I am no would-be dictator of public will, parching the tear, as it starts, with the cruel flame of cynicism and philosophy, stifling the incipient laugh with the respirator of scientific research (save the mark!). I can only feel the pulsating waves that surge on "the upturn'd sea of human faces" that surround me. And I prophesy that, so long as human nature is what it once was and may yet become again, so long will the public flock to the ample feast that is set before them in the adventures of Punch and of his wife, the sweet, the tender, the inestimable Judy.

But, in the words of the lifeboatmen, "Let the women and children go first." They are the best critics, with their smiles and their sighs, their laughter and their pattering feet. It is to them we must look for guidance in things dramatic, not to a discredited coterie of cranks and canker-hunters. The women and children will praise this drama, never fear! And what a drama it is! A good big cake with a slice for every one of us, and a bit of sugar-crust for the rest! It is not often we are treated to such good fare. I, for one, am not ashamed to hold out both hands for it and write criticisms with my mouth full.





LADY BINGHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

MR. GLADSTONE AT THE OXFORD UNION.

Mr. Gladstone's career at Oxford has many points of interest for observers of his later life, according as one looks at the religious development which the University was undergoing at that time, to the social changes which have taken place, or to the spirit which animates modern Oxford as opposed to the Oxford of sixty years ago; but in his particular experiences there, there is, perhaps, nothing which stands in more salient relief than the series of speeches which he made at the Union between the dates of October 1829 and June 1831.

The Oxford Union has been since its foundation the first debating club in a place where debating clubs are more in vogue than in, perhaps, any other similar place of education in Europe. It has been part of the English system of politics to train the young men of the upper classes to this form of expression, the ground-work, as it were, for a future political career; and in a life such as that of Mr. Gladstone's, turning almost entirely upon political effort, it is of the highest interest to note the origins at the Oxford Union. His connection with it lasted for somewhat over two years. He was a member in that first period of five years during which the society was reconstituted upon the present lines, and which may also be described as perhaps the most brilliant, with due respect to future speakers, in its existence. In the course of the five years between 1829 and 1834, the presidency of the society was held, among others, by the late Cardinal Manning, by Mr. Gladstone, by the future Duke of Newcastle, Lord Selborne, and the future Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Gladstone joined the Debating Society on Oct. 22, 1829. He made his first speech on the 11th of the following February. It is a noteworthy point, of which his enemies in political life have never failed to take notice, that all these early efforts in oratory were upon the reactionary side. There is no single example, unless we may quote the famous speech against the Duke of Wellington's Ministry, or his action on the Slavery question as such an example—but for these, there is no example, one may say, of any other speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone, save upon the Conservative side; and that at a time when the opinion of his class was far more Conservative than it is at present.

Shortly after the date at which Mr. Gladstone joined the Oxford Union, the society found it necessary to dissolve itself, for the purpose of excluding a turbulent element which had half broken up the first debates. It reconstituted itself under the present name, as the "Oxford Union Society," leaving out its black-sheep in the re-formation. During the period immediately preceding this, Manning, of Balliol, first appeared upon the scene, and one may find, in the old Minute-Books of the Union Society, the record of his strong protest against the President's action in the summer of 1829.

The effect of Mr. Gladstone's first speech was such that he was elected immediately upon the committee, and the first entry of his name—the first signature—recording his official connection with the society occurs upon March 4, 1830—"W. E. Gladstone, for Milnes Gaskell," at that time secretary. On the 18th of the same month, March 1830, there occurred, in a private business-meeting of the society, the incident which might be used by one side as an argument for the early turn which he showed towards conviction, by the other, as an example of native instability, in a vote with regard to the expulsion of a newspaper known as the *Age*. The exclusion of this newspaper had been hotly debated in the House, and there is a characteristic note in the Minute-Book: "Mr. Gladstone, after speaking at great length against the motion, voted for it."

There followed his election to the secretaryship of the Union on May 13, 1830, and an immediate change in the character of the Minutes taken. If one may judge of character from such small evidences—and by the future light one is justified in so judging in this case—one may say that by the very handwriting and nature of the Minutes recorded during his secretaryship, it is apparent that a striking personality had been entrusted with the new office. For example, on the memorable night which shall be alluded to later, his enthusiasm at the result of a victory for his own side by a narrow majority caused him to insert such words as "tremendous cheering" or "repeated cheers" into the Minute-Book, comments which, by the customs of the society, have always been rigidly excluded.

A prominent example of the Conservative attitude which he then adopted was his speech on June 17 of the same year against a motion that colleges for the higher education of the middle classes were beneficial to the whole community. It would perhaps be difficult to take an instance in which a more Conservative attitude could reasonably have been adopted than that which he took up upon that night. It is a position so entirely in contrast with the traditions of his later life, that it is, perhaps, even more worthy of notice than the famous motion of November in the same year. There had been moved, in October, 1830, a motion for debate, "That the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington was degrading and injurious to the best interests of the country." Mr. Gladstone spoke in favour of this motion. In November, there followed a motion that the Duke of Wellington's Ministry was undeserving of the confidence of the House. It was upon this occasion that he made that speech (the first example of his extraordinary power over the minds of those to whom his oratory was addressed) of which Charles Wordsworth said that it made him—and, no doubt, others also—feel no less sure than of his own existence that Gladstone, then a Christ Church undergraduate, would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England. Again, in a letter of Arthur Hallam's, written April 1831, he remarks that he has had a long letter from Gladstone, and that he is very bitter against the Reform Bill. The period at which this famous speech was

made was one of extreme political animosity; it was the year preceding Lord Grey's Ministry and the historic struggle with the House of Lords; and it is remarkable that, in such a body as the Union was at that time, it should have needed a speech like Mr. Gladstone's to have condemned the Ministry of the Duke of Wellington.

An instance with regard to it, which is not only valuable, but, in a way, picturesque, may be quoted. Mr. Alston, the son of the member for Hertford, was noticed to be listening intently to Mr. Gladstone's speech, and no sooner was it ended than he walked from the right to the left of the President's Chair—that is, from the Liberal to the Conservative side of the house, an incident which has, perhaps, never been repeated in the history of the society.

The result immediately following this success was his election to the presidency of the society. He had made this last speech as its secretary; his name, however, continues to appear constantly in the Minutes of the debates until the end of June, 1831. During this month a motion was laid before the society which is worthy of notice in the light of his later utterances in the House of Commons with regard to that West Indian slave-ownership with which his family had been so closely connected. It was to the effect that an immediate emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies would be beneficial. To this Mr. Gladstone proposed the following amendment—

That legislative enactments ought to be made, and, if necessary, to be enforced: 1st. For better guarding the personal and civil rights of the negroes in our West Indian colonies. 2nd. For establishing compulsory manumission. 3rd. For securing universally the receiving of a Christian education, under the clergy and teachers, independent of the planters; a measure of which total but gradual emancipation will be the natural consequence, as it was of a similar procedure in the first ages of Christianity.

It will be seen that the attitude which he adopted in the Union at that time was not very different from that which he took up later in the House of Commons, in his defence of his father against the attacks which had been made upon him in the heat of the Anti-Slavery agitation.

But it would not be a true estimate of Mr. Gladstone's political opinions, or of the effect of his magnificent delivery and command over the young men of his time, to give merely instances of his more Conservative points of view. There were other debates upon which his attitude was distinctly Liberal. Both he and Tait, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, defended, in one of the important debates, the results of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and that immediately before defending so violent a motion as the following against Grey's Reform Ministry—

That the Ministry has unwisely introduced, and most unscrupulously forwarded, a measure which threatens not only to change our form of government, but ultimately to break up the very foundations of social order, as well as materially to forward the views of those who are pursuing this project throughout the civilised world,

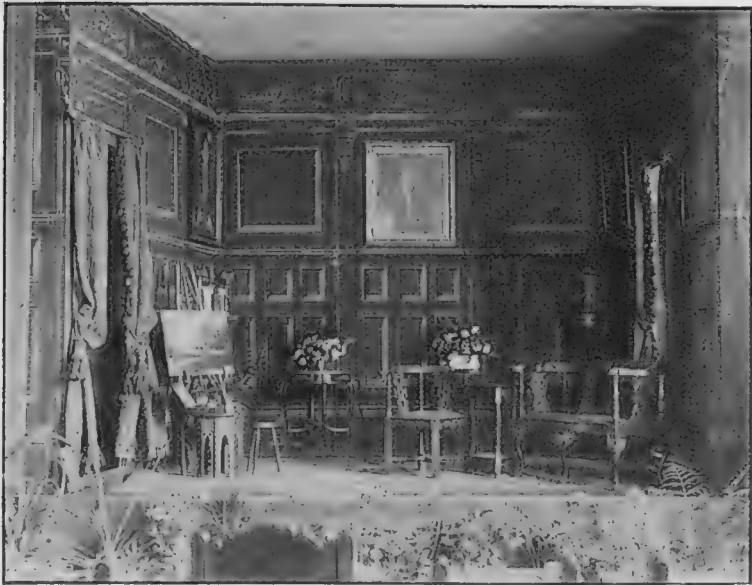
a motion which received the votes of 94 out of a total of 130.

During the whole of this period covered by Mr. Gladstone's presidency, the attendance, as shown in the division-lists after the debates of the Union, and the membership of the Club itself, had been steadily growing. From attendances of 30 and 40, the Houses had swelled to 130, as in the last example, or even, upon some occasions, to 200. It remained to a much later date to see the record vote of 600 and odd votes registered upon the Minute-Books of the Society, upon a recent division for Home Rule. Since the date of its reconstitution, which corresponds very nearly to Mr. Gladstone's membership of that body, it has steadily progressed in importance and in size in the University, and it has formed a training-ground for a very large proportion of the best speakers in our political life. It is remarkable that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in 1870 contained seven names which were to be found in the books of the society as having occupied its presidency—Mr. Gladstone himself, Lord Selborne, Lord Brabourne (then Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen), Mr. Cardwell, the Attorney-General, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Goschen—who, by-the-bye, had made his name in a brilliant defence of the merits of the poet Shelley as opposed to those of Byron.

To return to the matter of Mr. Gladstone's political action at the time, it is worthy of notice that the whole surroundings of the University in which he lived were calculated to strengthen any pre-existing bias upon the Conservative side. The Oxford of that day was sincerely convinced that the measures which culminated in the success of 1832, and the men who brought them forward, were leading the way to ruin. It is remarkable, in reading the old Minute-Books of the Union, to note how not one single name of later prominence adopts the position of even moderate Liberalism. Mr. Gladstone was no exception in his strongly reactionary policy as a young man in that society. The late Cardinal Manning, who occupied the presidency before Mr. Gladstone, and who spoke with much greater frequency, appears constantly upon the Conservative side. No one will forget how Liberal a turn the opinions of his later life took. This Conservative bias of the debates has lost some of its force in the enlargement of the membership of the Union, which has been steadily growing during the last eighty years of its existence. But it remains, as might be expected, in evidence when majorities are taken in a large House. It has never been possible, for example, to obtain a vote during recent years in favour of a Gladstonian Government, and upon the record division-night upon the Home Rule Bill, when Mr. Morley had come down to speak at the Union, the proportion of those in favour of Home Rule to their opponents was about one to two. It remains to be seen whether the same process of conviction which attracted both Manning and Gladstone into paths other than those which they had chosen at the beginning of their careers, will have any effect upon the younger generation of speakers.

“LIBERTY HALL,” AS PRESENTED AT BALMORAL.

Photographs by R. Milne, Aboyne.



CHILWORTH, THE SCENE OF ACT I.



MR. TODMAN'S BACK PARLOUR, BLOOMSBURY (ACT II.).

It would be difficult to imagine a prettier play, and one more suited for presentation in a country house, than Mr. R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall," which was produced by Mr. George Alexander for the benefit of her Majesty at Balmoral the other day. Mr. Alexander was appearing in Glasgow at the time, and travelled north by special train, to charm the Queen in her Highland home with the St. James's success. The play was given in the Ball-room, and among the audience were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and the Misses Eissler, who supplied a charming selection of music on the harp and violin between the acts.

After the performance, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and their company were presented to the Queen, her Majesty personally complimenting Mr. Alexander. She has since sent him a massive silver cigar-box, bearing upon it in blue enamel the royal monogram and the inscription,

"From V. R. George Alexander, Esq., Balmoral, Sept. 16, 1895." Mrs. Alexander received a gold scent-bottle, set with diamonds, and inscribed. Mr. R. V. Shone, the secretary of the company, got a beautiful scarf-pin, and each member of the cast has been presented with a gift in the shape of a pin, a brooch, or a cigarette-box. The cast was—

Mr. Owen	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
William Todman	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.
Hon. Gerald Harringay	Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Mr. Pedrick (solicitor)	Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON.
J. Briginshaw	Mr. H. H. VINCENT.
Robert Binks (Todman's shop-boy)	MASTER JONES.
Luscombe	Mr. FRANK DYALL.
Mr. Hickson	{	brother and sister	Mr. F. KINSEY PEILE.
Miss Hickson			Miss WINIFRED DOLAN.
Crafer (Todman's servant)	Miss MOUILLOT.
Amy Chilworth	{	daughters of the late	Miss FURTADO CLARKE.
Blanche Chilworth			Miss EVELYN MILLARD.

Mr. Kinsey Peile.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth.

Mr. R. V. Shone.



Mr. H. H. Vincent. Miss Millard.

Mr. George Alexander.
Mr. E. M. Robson.

Master Jones.

MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD.

In a pretty villa in picturesque Avenue Road, Regent's Park, dwells Miss Geneviève Ward; her garden, with its ample lawn, reaches to a grey stone church, which, revealing itself among the trees, stands between Miss Ward's residence and The Elms, the home of another leading light of the theatrical world, Sir Augustus Harris. It is a sweet bit of London, where one can almost indulge in the luxury of forgetting the "madding crowd"—save on the occasion of one of Sir Augustus's garden-parties—yet, sitting with Miss Ward in her garden on a summer afternoon, and chatting over the tea-cups, though the birds be twittering in the tree-tops and occasional butterflies come circling over the grass, one can scarcely be altogether oblivious of the great eager public outside, for, as one naturally induces the distinguished actress to talk of her art, her career, and her successes, echoes of applause seem to gather from all quarters of the globe. Few English actresses, indeed, of Miss Ward's high rank, have practised their art over so wide an area of the earth. But this is not the only circumstance which makes her career particularly interesting. Few English actresses have made so close and systematic a study of their art.

We fell to talking of this the other day, as Miss Ward led me from her drawing-room, the walls of which are adorned by some excellent copies of old masters painted in Rome by her mother, an amateur of exceptional talent.

"Yes," she said, as she led me down to the garden, "I was brought up in Paris, in an atmosphere of art and culture. Some of those pictures you were looking at are actually my work—or rather, they were my play. My mother was exceedingly artistic, and was the friend of many of the most interesting literary celebrities in Paris when I was a girl. But it was as a vocalist that I first appeared before the public. I had no thought of becoming an actress till I began to lose my voice."

"Where and when did you first appear?"

"At one of the Philharmonic concerts, in 1861. I sang 'Qui la Voce,' from 'Puritani,' and the duet from the 'Barbieri,' with Delle Sedie. I was known—or rather, unknown—as Madame Guerabella then; but my success was immediate, and, after that, I sang in opera in London, Paris, Milan, and Bucharest. My voice had an extraordinary compass—three octaves; consequently my repertoire was extensive. I next began to study oratorio under Martha Groome, the composer of the Jacobite songs, and made my début in oratorio at Exeter Hall, on the first anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort. Sir Michael Costa conducted, and we did the 'Messiah.' To the surprise of everybody, I was encoined in 'Rejoice Greatly.' After singing here for two seasons, I went to my native country, America, and there lost my voice. That was the end of my singing in public, and I began giving lessons. Teaching, however, was irksome and wearing to me, and I resolved to study for the theatre. Fanny Morant, in New York, was my first dramatic teacher."

"And when did you first put her teaching to the test?"

"I came over to London in 1873, and my mother's old friend, Lewis Wingfield, determined that I should have a hearing, gave a party, at which I was to recite, and he invited a number of critics and other influential persons. This led to my first engagement as an actress. It was with John Knowles, at Manchester, that I made my début as Lady Macbeth, following this with Constance, in 'King John.' Afterwards I 'starred' in the provinces with a repertoire including 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Medea,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' 'The Hunchback,' 'The Honeymoon,' 'Merchant of Venice,' &c., also a play called 'Sappho,' which W. G. Wills wrote specially for me, and 'Despite the World,' adapted by Lewis Wingfield from an Italian play in Ristori's repertoire, and 'The Spider's Web,' taken from the French. But these were not successes."

"What did you first play in London, Miss Ward?"

"In 'The Prayer in the Storm; or, The Sea of Ice,' which ran 162 nights at the Adelphi; next, as Rebecca, at Drury Lane. However,

after playing Antigone at the Crystal Palace in a series of performances, under Charles Wyndham, I felt I required more study, so I went to Paris to place myself for a year with that splendid master, Regnier."

"Then you do consider that acting can be taught?"

"The broad principles of the art can be inculcated by actual illustration, and the technics of acting can be taught. But what is valuable in a master is his capacity to assist the students' insight into character, situation, significant gesture, and 'business' by practical guidance; to show the various ways in which a passage may be interpreted, and to help him to find the fittest method of expression adapted to his temperament. When I went to Regnier as an actress of some experience, I told him I did not want to be coached, parrot-like, in parts, for which purpose, at that time, Sarah Bernhardt, Croisette, and many others of the leading French actresses, used to go to him when they had new parts to study, so that he might give them the 'traditions.' I told him that I wanted him to teach me not as if I were going to act, but as if I were going to teach. I wanted to understand the why and wherefore of everything, and often he would take the part away to think it

over afresh in regard to the points I had raised, which differed from the traditional readings. Of course, I went through the classical and romantic repertoire, and I learnt how easily one can become the slave of tradition, as so many do who remain throughout their careers at the Comédie Française. Yet I may safely say that nearly all I know of acting as an art I learnt from my dear old friend and master, Regnier."

"How are you disposed towards the development of the psychological drama?"

"Well, I cannot say that I like the subjects, and I loathe what is called the 'new woman,' especially with a past."

"But, surely, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'—"

"Of course, that was a fine play, and Mr. Pinero is a fine writer; but I infinitely prefer his 'Sweet Lavender,' strange as it may sound coming from a tragedy actress. My personal taste is in the direction of pleasant, happy plays. There is enough of pain and vice and squalor in the world without stifling ourselves with it in the theatre. It was quite refreshing to me, the other night, to see a sweet, innocent play like 'Alabama'; but perhaps, being American myself, it had a special charm for me."

"Yet you made your greatest success with a play that was anything but innocent, and in a part representing a woman with a most blatant past."

"True, but the woman in 'Forget-Me-Not' is not unpleasant, she was merely intellectually vicious. She could never have given to a man she

loved a list of her *liaisons* with other men. I have played that part over two thousand times, but never without a feeling of pity for the woman."

"You have played it everywhere—'Forget-Me-Not'—have you not?"

"All over the world—everywhere where English is spoken."

"In South Africa you played a good deal of Shakspeare?"

"Yes. We were told that Shakspeare would never be listened to out there; yet he proved our greatest success. We gave, altogether, six of his plays. That was a wonderful tour for work."

"How is it you have not gone with Sir Henry Irving to America?"

"He made me a very nice offer to go; but, though it is always a personal joy and an artistic privilege to be associated with so great an artist as Sir Henry Irving, and, when a member of the company, I could hardly be happier—with Sir Henry's consideration and Ellen Terry's kind, unselfish thought for everybody, it could not be otherwise—I do not care to leave my comfortable home again for the fatigues of professional touring. When a suitable part offers here in London I shall be glad to play it, but I have never been foolish enough to play any part incongruous with my time of life and my personality. I am not sorry for the intervals of rest."

"But an active artistic nature like yours cannot be idle?"

"Not altogether; and when I am not acting it interests me to train young actresses for the stage, teaching them their art as Regnier taught me—provided only that I recognise real capacity in them. Without that, I should advise them to try and do anything else than act." M. C. S.



MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD AS QUEEN ELEANOR IN "BECKET."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

PARSON HAWKER OF MORWENSTOW.

Photographs by Thorn, Bude.

The small village of Morwenstow, in the north of Cornwall, now so frequently visited by all holiday folk in that neighbourhood, would probably scarcely find mention in the Guide-books were it not for its association with its parson-poet, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, who for forty-



REV. R. S. HAWKER.

one years was vicar of the parish. He it was who sang all the Cornish legends and histories in his famous ballads, and made Morwenstow a place of pilgrimage for Americans as well as Englishmen. Robert Stephen Hawker, who was born Dec. 3, 1804, was the grandson of Dr. Hawker, the author of "Morning and Evening Portions," a devotional book greatly used by the last generation. Robert's father lived at Stratton, and here the youngster was a terror to the inhabitants of the village: a practical joker from his earliest years, he seemed never so happy as when in mischief. It is related of him that he would slip into one of the village shops, seize the end of the twine fastened up over the counter, and then run round the streets until he had made the footpaths a series of traps. One shopkeeper left a piece of mutton roasting in his shop; young Robert entered, and, being unperceived, hung up the mutton in the shop and placed a number of candles in front of the fire to cook. The old parish clerk, who had suffered from his tricks, delivered himself thus: "I don't care whether I ring the bells on the King's birthday; but, if I never touch the ropes again, I'll give a peal when Robert goes to skule, and leaves Stratton folks in peace." He was sent "to skule," first at Liskeard, and afterwards at Cheltenham Grammar School: from there he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford. His father's slender income was insufficient to pay for Hawker's University career; on hearing the news that he was to leave Oxford at once, Robert acted with that impulsiveness which was so characteristic of him. He started off without a hat and ran from Stratton to Bude, and there and then proposed marriage to his godmother, Miss P'Ans, whose income he knew would enable him to finish his terms and take his degree at Oxford. Although the lady was double Hawker's age, his offer was accepted, and he was thus enabled to return to his University. His poetical talents showed themselves at an early age. When only seventeen he published a volume called "Tendrils," by "Reuben." At Oxford he obtained the Newdigate, the subject for his year being Pompeii. In his "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall" he gives a most amusing account of a ride undertaken by himself and an Oxford friend, who afterwards was elevated to the Bench of Bishops, and whose son is now an ornament to the Judicial Bench. The paper is entitled "A ride from Bude to Boss," and describes how these two friends, being unable to sleep, rose early in the morning and let out all the pigs in Boscastle; these with one accord ran down the steep road towards the sea. The description of the various efforts of the respective owners to persuade the pigs to re-ascend the hill must be read in full to be appreciated. At the close of their visit the friends demanded from the hostess of the Ship Inn a bill in writing.

This could only be obtained after the village glazier had been sent for; it was then presented to them chalked on the upper lid of the kitchen bellows, and read as follows—

	s.	d.
T for 2	0	6
Sleep for 2	1	0
Meat and Taties and Bier	1	6
Bresks	1	6

In 1834 Hawker was appointed Vicar of Morwenstow. He describes his parishioners, when he first went among them, as "a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and dissenters of various hue." There had been no resident vicar for upwards of a century. Hawker did much for the people, and much for the Church; he built a vicarage, over the door of which he placed a tablet with this inscription—

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray;
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!

Soon after his death this was removed, but has now been replaced. Hawker was a great believer in pixies and ghosts; in dress he was most eccentric: he usually wore a claret-coloured coat, and a knitted blue fisherman's jersey; in the jersey he had a small red cross woven at the spot where our Lord's side was pierced. Fishermen's boots and a brimless flesh-coloured beaver hat completed his attire. Of his ballads, perhaps the best-known is the one with the refrain—

And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

The ring of the old ballad is so true throughout that Macaulay was deceived, and quoted it as an ancient ballad. Hawker's most ambitious work was the "Quest of the Sangreal." This, probably, is not as well known as it deserves to be, a fate which, perhaps, may be accounted for by Lord Tennyson having used the same subject in his "Arthur" poems. Hawker's prose and poetical works have, in recent years, been lovingly edited by his friend, Mr. J. G. Godwin. His eccentricities were carried into church, where he usually wore crimson gloves; he was followed into service by a small troop of cats, and, while reading the service, would often stroke and caress one of them. One trait in Hawker's character was his zeal for giving the shipwrecked mariner help. This was more kindness than had generally been experienced by sailors on that coast, famous for its wreckers. If dead bodies were cast up, Hawker spared no pains to give them Christian burial; and in the churchyard rest the bodies of many who were the victims of the storms on that cruel coast. Mrs. Hawker died in 1863, and in the following year the Vicar of Morwenstow married a lady much younger than himself. In his later years he suffered greatly from depression, and over his death, which occurred in 1875, many bitter words have been written. Just at his last hour, he was received into the Roman Catholic faith, to which his wife was a convert, and much controversy has taken place as to how long previously he had really held the tenets of that faith.



THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AUNT THOMASINA.

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

Last night, at a dance, Mr. Simpson pretended not to know me. I believe that he speaks of me in terms that would wither me if they reached my ears. I am afraid I treated him rather badly. In fact, my husband says there was no excuse for me, and he advises me not to tell the story. But my husband never lived with Aunt Thomasina.

Mr. Tredennis asked me to marry him five years ago, when I was eighteen and he was twenty-two. I said "Yes," at once. Most girls would say "Yes" to Peter. Of course, he had no money. I only had Aunt Thomasina, and we agreed that we could not live on her. So he went to India to carve out a career. He left me his photograph and a diamond ring, which Aunt Thomasina would not let me wear. She did not recognise our engagement, because Peter had no money. We were not even allowed to correspond.

For five years I had to live on a week of memories, a ring, and a photograph which grew rather faded and shabby as time went on. The memories suffered a little, too. But the worst thing happened to the ring—I lost it.

In spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition, I had got into the way of wearing it on occasions when I particularly wished to remember Peter and my promise to him. Until I lost it I always had it on when anyone made me an offer of marriage. Of course, I could not foresee exactly when an offer would be forthcoming; but as it happened, I watched its supporting sparkles when I went blackberrying with Captain Agincourt, when I met Betty Marsden's brother at Hurlingham, and when I danced every dance with Sir Dennis East at the Duchess of Stars' ball. I think that I must have dropped the ring in a blackberry-bush, because, though I mentioned Captain Agincourt first, in point of time he came just before Mr. Simpson.

On my twenty-third birthday, Aunt Thomasina said she could bear it no longer and that I should marry the first man who asked me. I felt sure that, if she said so, I should. Therefore I reviewed my admirers more carefully than usual. I had not exactly forgotten Peter, but I had outgrown him. I don't know how else to describe the change that had taken place in me. From eighteen to twenty-three is a long time, at least twice as long as from thirty-eight to forty-three, for instance. Peter, dear boy, had become too young for me. When I looked at his photograph, I felt ready to be an elder sister to him. But I knew that he had seven already. I used to tell myself that he had grown older, but I never believed it. My Peter was twenty-two, and had rosy cheeks.

I rather liked Mr. Simpson before we were engaged. He was one of those chirpy little men who chatter about nothing and never hear what you say to them. I had so little to say to him that I thought this trait an advantage. Aunt Thomasina told him about my engagement to Peter. She called it a "childish entanglement," and Mr. Simpson professed himself quite satisfied. I tried to feel faithless and miserable, because I considered it due to Peter. But, as a matter of fact, I rather agreed with Aunt Thomasina, who said no one but a fool would feel bound to a man she had neither seen nor heard from for five mortal years. He had probably married long ago. Besides, I knew a great many young men of twenty-two, and, when one of them proposed to me, I talked to him like a mother, and told him to wait another ten years.

Aunt Thomasina approved of Mr. Simpson, because he had a great deal of money. I had arrived at an age when money seems desirable, but it sometimes struck me that marriage with Mr. Simpson was a high price to pay for it. To be sure, he did not look young, like poor Peter's photograph, but he often looked silly. At least, I thought so after we were engaged.

One day he rushed into the drawing-room and said that he must go to Scotland for a week, because the recent gale had played havoc with his newly planted trees.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," said I.

"A week is a long time," said he, fidgeting from one foot to the other on the hearth-rug.

"It soon goes," I sighed.

That night I looked at Peter's photograph, and wondered whether we should ever meet again. I pictured the meeting. It should take place at a great reception. He should recognise that he had come back too late, and his heart should ache at the sight of my incomparable beauty. Because I did think he might have written now and then, just to keep my heart up, in spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition. So I wanted his heart to ache. I wished my incomparable beauty had been a matter of fact. But what my imagination really boggled at was that tiresome little Mr. Simpson, who, under the circumstances, would be my husband. You can't invent a really effective sentimental situation with a man like Mr. Simpson in the foreground. Besides, Aunt Thomasina has brought me up in a very old-fashioned way, and I felt sure that I should not philander with anyone after marriage. That is partly why I did not look forward to it. As a girl, I have enjoyed many little episodes that do not concern Peter and Mr. Simpson. Captain Agincourt and I spent a very agreeable afternoon among the blackberry-bushes.

While Mr. Simpson was in Scotland we telegraphed to each other every day. He had proposed writing, but I said that a correspondence by telegraph would be more of a joke. So he consented at once. The

days flew, but each one helped to show me what I had half known before. I really could not marry Mr. Simpson. I knew he would not easily believe it, because he had said to Aunt Thomasina that I was a lucky girl. The memory of this remark served to keep my mind firm when it threatened to give way and pretend that it would be easier to marry Mr. Simpson than to throw him over. But I quaked when I thought of Aunt Thomasina.

The day it all happened she had gone out. I was waiting in the drawing-room for Mr. Simpson, who had telegraphed that he would arrive about four. I looked forward to a painful interview, because about two hours ago I had despatched his ring and an explanatory letter to his rooms. I hoped he would take it quietly, and look out for another lucky girl at once. But I did not feel at all quiet myself, and, while I waited, I had a great deal of very unpleasant imaginary conversation. This grew so harrowing that I began to think of myself as Mrs. Simpson with comparative relief, when the butler opened the door and announced someone. I did not catch the name, and, when I turned round, I did not know the man who came towards me. At least, I thought so.

"Lady Sandway is out," I began.

"Have you forgotten me, Monica?" said he.

Well, I had, and it was no wonder. I stared and stared, and could not believe my eyes. But I knew his manner, though this, too, had greatly changed.

"Five years is a long time," I murmured.

"Is it too long?" he asked hastily. "Am I too late?"

"Why did you never write?"

"Because you forbade it."

"Oh! What a reason!"

He stood there and looked at me, and I looked at him. Dear Peter! How glad I was to see him again! Every moment I recognised something I used to know, and every moment I discovered that the boy had grown into a man.

"I wish you had never left me your photograph," I said.

"Am I too late, Monica? Don't keep me in suspense."

Mr. Simpson came in before I could speak. I introduced the two men to each other, and rang for tea. Until it came we talked of the recent gale, and, when we were left to ourselves, I started subjects of burning interest, one on the top of another.

"This is new," said Peter, at length; "I don't remember that you used to be keen about politics."

"I am Member for Shrimlington," said Mr. Simpson, as if that explained it.

I said that my interest in politics was entirely due to Aunt Thomasina, who could not go to sleep after dinner unless I read the debates to her.

"I'm told I ought to go in for politics, myself," said Peter.

I put down the sugar-basin, and looked at him.

"Are you going to stay in England?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Didn't you know? Polruan is dead, poor chap. I'm his heir."

"I thought Evans announced a strange name," said I. "Are you Lord Polruan now, then? What a difference it will make to Aunt Thomasina!"

"Are you related to Lady Sandway?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Not yet," said Peter. Then he turned to me.

"You'd rather live in England than India?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered; "but I have always wished to see India."

"Well, that's not impossible," whispered Mr. Simpson. "What about a wedding journey there?"

"Shall we?" said I to Peter, with an appealing glance.

"Oh, if you like," he replied. He has confessed since that he thought me rather forward.

"What have you done with your ring?" said Mr. Simpson suddenly. The one he had given me was very valuable, and I suppose he had just missed it from my hand.

"I daresay you have lost it," said Peter good-naturedly; and I knew he referred to the one of little value that he had given me five years ago. I felt quite pleased to be able to answer straightforwardly.

"I have," I said, addressing him; "I'm afraid I dropped it in a blackberry-bush."

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson. He really said something much ruder than I should not think of repeating. I say "scissors" myself sometimes.

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson; "that ring cost two hundred pounds, and where do blackberry-bushes grow in Bruton Street?"

"Nonsense," said Peter, who by this time looked downright angry. He had very old-fashioned ideas, and did not like to hear a man use strong language in the presence of a lady. "The ring didn't cost twenty pounds. I wasn't worth two hundred when I bought it."

Mr. Simpson looked as if a new idea had just entered his head.

"Are you the 'childish entanglement'?" he inquired.

"Has that been your description of me, Monica?" said Peter.

I took my courage in my hands and turned to Mr. Simpson.

"I did not want to explain now—before Lord Polruan. I wrote to you this morning, and said what I had to say. The letter is at your rooms."

"But where is the ring?" he cried.

"In the letter," I said.

"Do you mean that you want to jilt me? You—a girl without a penny!"

I *knew* he would not behave well. Perhaps I did not deserve much at his hands, but, at the same time, many men would not have said the things he tried to say—until Peter stopped him. He would not believe that I had written to him before I saw Peter, or even knew that he had come back from India with a title and a fortune. He asked me whether Aunt Thomasina knew of the letter I had written to him, and I had to confess that she did not.

"Lady Sandway will agree with me that your behaviour is disgraceful," he said.

At that moment Lady Sandway entered the room. She went straight up to—Peter.

"My dear Lord Polruan," she cooed, "*what* a pleasure to see you again!"

"Do you know what has happened, Lady Sandway?" blurted out Mr. Simpson, at once. "Your niece has thrown me over."

"Really!" said Aunt Thomasina. "Then——"

Of course, she was a very worldly old lady, but I had never supposed her worldliness would stand me in such good stead. She threw off Mr. Simpson like an old glove, just as she had once thrown off poor Peter. But she admitted later that she never could abide Mr. Simpson's manners.

"I have just seen Lady Caroline Cadbury," she said, still standing, as if she expected Mr. Simpson to go at once.

"I shall propose to her to-night," he said savagely.

I suppose he did, because next day she wrote to tell Aunt Thomasina that she had accepted him, and hoped I would forgive her, as it was a case of an irresistible attachment on both sides. I did not see Aunt Thomasina's reply.

Peter maintains that I treated Mr. Simpson very badly. It is all very well; but, if I had married Mr. Simpson, what would have become of Peter?

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

II.—RAW MATERIAL.

"From the registry, mum. They informed me that you was in want of a domestic 'elp."

And she stood with head aside, amiably ogling from beneath drooped eyelids. A perfume hung about her; she was dressed with cheap elaboration, and spoke as one conscious of refinement.

Mrs. Pool, since her marriage a few months ago, had suffered from two general servants. The state of her health made it absolutely necessary that she should find a trustworthy person to help in the little house, but she was nervous, diffident, and without the practical instinct. This young woman from the registry-office rather overawed her, but, after the late experiences, she was tempted by a show of personal cleanliness—a suggestion of sympathetic good-nature. There ensued a conversation in the eight-foot-square drawing-room. The applicant talked freely of herself, with a gentle, languid air of long endurance. She *had* been a lady's-maid; she *had* received very high wages; but, oh! the unkindness, the humiliations she had had to put up with! What she wanted was a *'ome*. She would work her fingers to the bone for a kind, considerate mistress—such a one as Mrs. Pool seemed to be. Her health? She had never had a day's illness. She might not look it, but she was very strong; and, as for early rising, she couldn't understand how anyone lay in bed after six o'clock. Wages were a matter of total indifference to her, if only she could find a real *'ome*; and in the matter of evenings out, she respected herself far too much to run about the streets of London after dark. She had the highest references, but nothing would persuade her to appeal for a character to her last mistress. After the heartless treatment she had received——! But if the clergyman of St. Peter's hadn't unfortunately died two months ago——

With a sigh of timid hopefulness, the young wife engaged her, and at nine o'clock in the evening (having promised to come at six) Minnie arrived. She was so sorry to be late; it was all the fault of the green-grocer's boy, who had promised to come punctually for her box, and kept her waiting. Oh, what a nice little bedroom! Here she could be 'appy for the rest of her life! And she must begin work this very night; indeed, she could not sleep until she had done something, if it were only cleaning knives or boots.

Her box was a very small one, and on the next day she pathetically made known to Mrs. Pool that all but the last of her garments had gone to pay the expenses of an illness brought on by overwork and harsh treatment at her last place. Delicacy prevented the mistress from showing surprise, and, on her promising an advance of wages, Minnie was touched almost to tears. All day long Minnie moved about the house with a duster in her hand, save when she was encouraging Mrs. Pool's efforts to show her how to prepare food and to lay the table; her eyes beamed with mild contentment; she hummed to herself the latest melody of the streets. Incessant was her flow of gently patronising talk. "And to think you should have had such dirty creatures! What a *shime*! I'm sure I don't know what servants is coming to. Why, if you ask *me*, I should think a girl ought to think herself lucky when she gets such a place as this. And you'd like me to buy caps, wouldn't you, mum? I had such nice ones at my last place, but they worn out in the washing. Perhaps it would be convenient to let me run round to a shop this evening? I shouldn't be more than a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at the outside."

Mrs. Pool's husband was a junior clerk in a Government office, a young man whose energies had been somewhat over-ried by a series of competitive examinations. The new servant did not impress him altogether favourably, but he kept back his misgivings, and lent willing ear to a hopeful story of Minnie's commencement. When the girl chanced to approach him, she let her eyes slide across his countenance, then dropped them, with a half-smile of excessive modesty. He observed uneasily the perfume she carried about with her, and at length remarked on this matter to his wife. It was on the third day, and already a look of worry had begun to reappear on Mrs. Pool's countenance.

"I'm afraid there are several little things I shall have to speak about," said the young wife; "she doesn't seem quite to understand cooking, and—and she hasn't touched the scrubbing-brush yet. But we must give her time."

"Of course—of course," rejoined Pool cheerily. "Just look upon her as raw material, and exert yourself to make a good servant out of her. No doubt you can—no doubt whatever."

A difficulty had arisen with respect to diet. Minnie seemed to eat nothing whatever, and, when her mistress made timid inquiries, she confessed a chronic lack of appetite.

"I seem to have such a delicate stomach, mum. It isn't the food—oh dear, no! I'm sure the food couldn't be better. I'm afraid my stomach was spoilt at the last place, where she made me live on such food as you'd never believe. Perhaps, if I could have a little potted meat, it might tempt me at breakfast."

"But don't you eat a great many sweets?" asked Mrs. Pool, who had noticed that the girl seemed to have something of the kind in her mouth perpetually.

"Sweets? Oh, no! I never touch such things, they're so bad for the teeth. Oh, I remember! I did suck a little bit of peppermint yesterday. I've been told it's good for a weakly stomach."

It began to be borne in upon Mrs. Pool that Minnie sometimes varied from the truth. A few days more, and she seriously doubted whether the girl ever uttered a veracious word. In her ceaseless gossip, Minnie had contradicted herself times innumerable. More than that, she seemed to be yielding to a physical languor which made her useless in the house; once, on returning from shopping, Mrs. Pool found her asleep, with her head on the kitchen table, and beside it a penny novelette. She rose late of a morning, and at night had a disinclination to go to bed. Such work as she pretended to do her mistress had to do over again. At the first grave remonstrance, she raised her eyebrows in a look half distressful, half insolent, and declared an unbounded surprise that she was not "giving satisfaction."

However loth to trouble her husband, Mrs. Pool was at length obliged to seek his counsel.

"The truth is, dear, she has had no experience whatever in house-work. Of course, it was very foolish not to insist on a character. I really can't imagine what she has been."

"Well, well! I daresay she'll improve. We must regard her as raw material."

Every other evening, Minnie, with profuse apologies, requested leave to go out for half an hour, and she never returned till after ten o'clock. Resolved upon firmness, Mrs. Pool at length refused permission; she herself wished to spend the evening at a friend's house. Pool remained at home, and sat reading. Not long after his wife's departure, a timorous knock sounded at the sitting-room door, and Minnie entered, bringing with her a waft of perfume.

"I'm so sorry, sir, that I don't seem to be giving satisfaction——"

A tear trembled on her eyelids, and she stood with bent head, hands clasped before her. The young man regarded her uneasily. She had decked herself more elaborately than usual, and looked rather pretty. Half closing the door, she came a step or two nearer.

"If you'd be so kind as to tell me, sir, how I can please mistress——"

"Why, the fact is, Minnie, you seem to do nothing at all. And this perpetual going out at night, you know——"

"If you only knew how hard I've tried, sir!" she sobbed. "I've had no mother since I was eight years old, and brought up with strangers, and had to work for my own living these years and years——"

"But, my good girl, you *don't* work."

Minnie came still nearer, and fixed upon him a look of tearful languishment. Pool felt more uncomfortable.

"I suffer from such a lonely feeling like, sir. If I thought there was anyone as cared for me—if you'd give me a kind word of encouragement, sir——"

The man pulled himself together, and spoke energetically, though not harshly: thereupon bade her go back to the kitchen. Minnie moved away very slowly, and, from the doorway, cast one languishing look behind.

Another fortnight, and Mrs. Pool's patience was exhausted. When Minnie stayed out one night till twelve o'clock, and came back with flushed cheeks, incoherent talk, that was the end. The girl left next morning, shedding floods of tears, and all but prevailing with her soft-hearted mistress to be allowed a new trial. But Pool would suffer no such weakness. The girl must take her mendacious incompetence elsewhere; it was not incumbent upon *them* to save her from herself.

About half a year later, Pool was passing one night down Villiers Street to the railway station. Near the music-hall, a girl put herself in his way; looking into her face, he recognised Minnie. At once she turned from him, and he walked quickly on.

Minnie—no longer raw material, but a finished article of commerce.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

We had all more or less congratulated ourselves that the old *Yellow Book* was dead, and that the "new boy" had turned over a new leaf—a yellow leaf, but a new one. And now comes the news of a resurrection. A publisher, Mr. Leonard C. Smithers, has just announced that he intends to revive, practically, the art (shall we call it?) of the *Yellow Book*, in a magazine which will be just as sweet by any other name.

has helped to suggest vast improvement also in the actual organic vitality, and, therefore, of their architectural and artistic beauty. Nothing that is in movement is without some beauty, and, the more nearly you give to the swift movement of a machine the spring and activity of life, the more nearly, too, you approach the artificial beauty of this sort of manufacture. So far, let it be freely acknowledged that



SO TIRED.—A. J. ELSLEY.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol (the owners of the copyright), who have just published of this picture an engraving of an important size.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley will, of course, be very much to the front in any scheme of the kind; and we accordingly have the announcement that he will not only be the illustrator of a new novel, but also the writer of it. Mr. Ernest Dowson will undertake a translation of Balzac's "*La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*," and will find illustrators in Messrs. Rotherstein, Corder, and Beardsley. So, let art once more fly over the spaces of the town, and make a thousand eager hearts expectant and alert.

It would be interesting if Sir David Salomons' Exhibition of Horseless Carriages at Tunbridge Wells—for the Exhibition is practically his, since he pays the expenses of the show—should result in any artistic improvement in the appearance of the external arrangement of the common or street carriage of the period. It is perfectly true, indeed, that the vast improvement in the manufacture of modern carriage-springs

the modern machine has an artistic value of its own with which that of no older machine can compare.

There the superiority at once ends; and there is, indeed, no reason on earth why the modern carriage at rest, which is so much more essentially beautiful than the older carriage in motion, should not also be made as beautiful as the older carriage at rest. What Sir David Salomons has in his mind is, obviously, to improve the external appearance of the modern carriage, and we are given the proud reason that Hogarth and Angelica Kaufmann once painted the doors of private carriages. Why not, therefore, engage at once the services of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, or, better still, Mr. S. E. Waller, to do what Hogarth once did? At all events, the appearance of our streets would be improved in beauty; and that is much in the way of art.



BABIL D'OISEAUX.—G. ROCHEGROSSE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

One of the most beautiful of recent books on art is "Masterpieces of the Great Artists, A.D. 1400-1700," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (London: George Bell and Sons). The primary object of the book, as we learn, is to bring together trustworthy reproductions of masterpieces of mediæval painting which have acquired an exceptional celebrity. Certain it is that the book may be described as, in its own line, unique, for not only have the reproductions in every case been made from photographs of the original, and not from copies or engravings, but the result is that about as perfect a collection of masterpieces on a reasonable scale as can be conceived has here been brought together.

The task of selection—the difficulty of which one must, of course, at once acknowledge—seems on the whole to have been accomplished with remarkable ability and success. To quote a few words from the preliminary note, however, "in a few cases it was found that pictures which would otherwise have been included could not be successfully reproduced by photography; in others it was thought expedient, in deference to modern criticism, to omit one or two which, though held in high repute by an earlier generation, are now considered to be either wrongly attributed or much inferior to some other work



THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

A Photographic Study by Henry Winkelman, Auckland, New Zealand.

of the same master." The result of Mrs. Bell's labours is a very beautiful book indeed; here are masterpieces of Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Francia, Leonardo da Vinci, Bellini, Titian, Raffaele, Correggio, Tintoretto, Van Eyck, Rubens, Van Dyck, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Poussin, Claude, and a number of other artists.

Two charming photographic studies are those which are given on this page—"By Leafy Lanes," by J. T. Newman, of Berkhamstead, and "The Trysting-place," by Henry Winkelman, of Auckland, New Zealand. The first is a particularly beautiful scene, and is so stolen, as it were, from nature in a moment of beauty that it is nearly (not quite!) as good as a cleverly chosen landscape. The second is beautiful in landscape indeed, but the model of the lady waiting for her lover is so obviously being photographed, with her eyes directed straight upon the camera, that the illusion, so far as the drama is concerned, gets to be a little distorted. As a matter of fact, to accomplish such a task successfully, so absolute a perfection of dramatic art is required that photographers should, unless they can obtain that rare quality, frankly give up the posing of the human figure in dramatic situations. Let them direct their energies to nature.



BY LEAFY LANES.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET, AT THE LYCEUM.

"Then, window, let day in, and let life out."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET, AT THE LYCEUM.

"My only love sprung from my only hate!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A MAN OF BLOOD AND INK.*

It was upon the eve of the Franco-German War of 1870, and the small Prussian garrison which held the town of Saarbrücken expected momentarily to be driven out by the French Army Corps which lay no more than a couple of miles from the ramparts. Those within Saarbrücken—and Mr. Archibald Forbes was of their number—found the days of inaction and of expectation hang somewhat heavily upon their hands, and, lacking other amusement, they proceeded to marry a gallant sergeant of the Hohenzollerns. The good fellow's girl had walked heaven knows how many miles to wish him God-speed in the trouble; and, the news coming to the ears of the garrison, a pretty wedding was contrived, with the consent of the bridegroom's commanding officer, who stipulated only that the gallant sergeant in question should return instantly to his duties at the sound of the alarm.

All was in readiness, and the clergyman was just about to join the couple in holy matrimony, when the sound of a bugle suddenly broke in on the stillness. It was the alarm. The bridegroom hurriedly embraced the bride, buckled on his accoutrements, and darted off to the place of rendezvous. In ten minutes more the combat was in full intensity; the French had carried the heights overhanging the town, and were pouring down upon it their artillery and *mitrailleuse* fire. Our hotel was right in the line of fire, and soon became exceedingly disagreeable quarters. We got the women down into the cellar, and waited for events. A shell crashed into the kitchen, burst inside the cooking-stove, and blew the wedding breakfast, which was still being kept hot, into what an American colleague called "everlasting smash." It was too hot to stay there, and everybody moved strategically to the rear. A few days later was fought, close to Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of the Spichern, in which the bridegroom's regiment took a leading part. The day after the battle, I was wandering over the field, helping to relieve the wounded, and gazing shudderingly on the heaps of dead. Suddenly I came on our bridegroom, in a sitting posture, with his back resting against a stump. He was stone dead, with a bullet through his throat.

I have chosen this little story as one very typical of Mr. Archibald Forbes's methods in this exceedingly dramatic book of his, a book in which he deals rather with the "asides" of battles than with the spoken drama which history has been quick to absorb. The central facts of the Franco-German War have been dealt with sufficiently by the makers of encyclopædias and the keepers of the records. But the romance of battle may be always with us. The note-book of every war correspondent must contain hundreds of anecdotes which are the very quintessence of the dramatic, and often of the horrible. It is in the re-telling of them alone that the pen of the master is to be discerned. That Mr. Forbes's pen has not lost its cunning, a very hasty perusal of these memories and studies makes manifest. More powerful than any pure fiction could be, painted with a background of smoke and fire, seeming to echo the din of battles, they are the studies for the greater picture, the sketches of incidents and happenings which go to make the romantic and the terrible, and to colour fact with that lurid detail which may never concern the historiographer nor the pure recorder. Witness, as an instance, this remarkable chapter entitled "Ambush against Ambush." It is a fragment from the siege of Paris—the story of Baron von und zu Steinfurst-Wallenstein, who, despite the length of his name, is yet entitled to a place of memory in the affections of the Saxon Regiment.

Perverse in their notions of glory, there were many patriots in Paris during the last days of the siege who derived a fine splendour of reputation from the bagging of Prussian sentries. No cunning slayer of driven game ever had so many pats on the back from a delighted keeper as these decorated "pig-dogs" from their fellow citizens after a successful day among the invading outposts. For the matter of that, the sport was so simple and the success of it was so highly esteemed that the wonder remains that it did not find even a larger number of admirers. You had only to take a place upon the outskirts of the city, and there, armed with a good rifle, and some horse-flesh for lunch, to sit in your bedroom, well

removed from sight, and to bag your quarry in his hut or upon his beat. The Saxon Regiment, among others, suffered very heavily from this infamous amusement, losing no less than seven sentries in as many days. The noble sportsman who shot them had for retreat a small chalet well within the French lines, and so wary was he that never once did he show himself at the window of the room wherefrom he performed such miracles of daring and of courage. There came a day, however, when the patience of the covey was tried beyond endurance. While the Herr Major himself decided that nothing could be done, the young Baron with the long name offered, if leave were given him, to stalk the "pig-dog" and to silence his rifle with the only convincing answer possible. Next day, the long-named man went to his work, crawling upon his hands and knees to the garden of the chalet, and lying in the shrubs until his limbs were stiff with the cold and his hands were numbed to the point of frost-bite. Two days he watched, two days he waited in the snow, and not so much as an eyelid of "pig-dog" did he see. What happened on the third day, however, is best told by

Mr. Forbes, who went out with the party which the Baron had invited to witness the result of his work—

When we reached the railway embankment we found the men of the picket peering over at the distant cottage, each man with his hand shading his eyes from the dazzle of the sun on the snow. Said the corporal of the picket to Captain Kirchbach—

"There is something hanging out over the window-sill, Herr Hauptmann; it looks like the upper part of a great-coat with the hood falling lower between the arms.

Hammerstein had his sight soonest adjusted. "By God! it is a dead man!" he shouted on the instant.

The cry brought Mr. Forbes's telescope quickly to the mark, and he tells graphically the scene it showed to him—

What I saw was this. The clenched hands had clutched into the snow. The long hair hung straight, discoloured—a dingy crimson. A rifle had slipped away from the figure's grasp, and I could see it, some twenty feet away from the window, lying on the level after it had skidded down the frozen slope of snow. There was no mistake about the matter; the Baron had done his work thoroughly, and the sarcastic doctor's services were not in the least required.

Mr. Forbes's stories must, however, be read in their entirety for a thorough appreciation of them. Enough to say that there are many of them in the volume, and that his apology for the inevitable *ego* is entirely supererogatory. A man who has such a record need fear nothing from the setting of it down. And that this record is more than Pauline in hazards and dangers, the reticent admissions here made prove

beyond dispute. Let the budding war correspondent, who does deeds of daring in an attic in Grub Street, pause and tremble. Twice has Mr. Forbes been set back against a wall that a shooting-party might enjoy a *tir aux hommes*; bullets without number have grazed his arms and his legs, his elbows and his ears. He has heard the cry "Spy!" as often as other men have heard the tinkle of the muffin-bell; he has waded in gore, and the multitude of dead he has seen no man might count. Yet here he is, as bright and vigorous and telling as ever, and the author of one of the most thrilling and the most entertaining books which the year has given us.

MAX PEMBERTON.

WOMEN WHO —.

There's "The Woman Who Did"—

She was very imprudent,
But she wasn't a patch

On "The Woman Who Wouldn't";

There's "The Woman Who Didn't,"

Her ring she had hidden't;

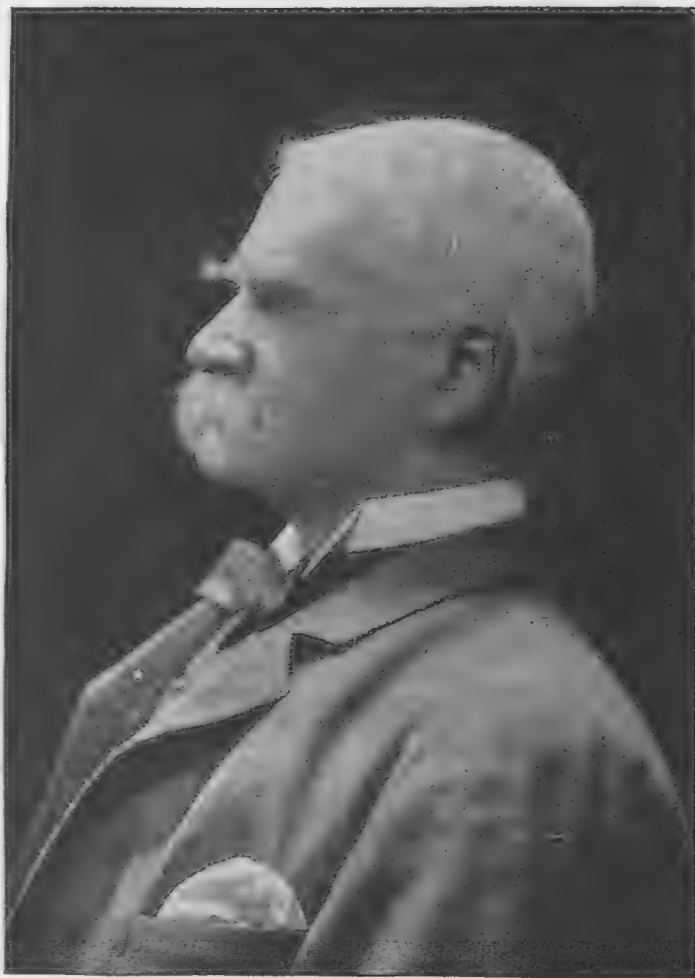
There's "The Man," too, "Who Wouldn't,"

He was saved by snipe-pie;

And "The Woman Who Would if She

Could, but She Couldn't,"

With hundreds of others, will come by-and-by. K.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

(FORMING THE FRONTISPIECE TO "MEMORIES AND STUDIES OF WAR AND PEACE.")

Photo by H. S. Menelissohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

* "Memories and Studies of War and Peace." By Archibald Forbes. London: Cassell and Co.

CORALIE BLITHE AND ERNEST D'AUBAN.

Photographs by Hana. Strand.

Mr. Ernest D'Auban and his pretty little pupil, Miss Coralie Blithe, will introduce two very pretty duets to the patrons of the West-End halls within the next few weeks, one, "The Umbrella Courtship," and the other, "A Sailor and His Lass"; but it is from the former that our illustrations are taken. Mr. D'Auban is the youngest representative of an honoured theatrical family, and already bids fair to rival his father in the art of eccentric dancing and general nimbleness; indeed, on more than one occasion he has replaced his parent in the Drury Lane pantomime without the substitution being discovered by anyone, the only difference between them being a slight one in height, and in that the father has the advantage. Mr. Ernest is a Londoner, and has danced ever since he was a baby, though his first actual engagement was nine years ago, for "Alice in Wonderland," the show in which Miss Mabel Love also made her début. During the thirteen years he has been on the boards, he has worked almost continuously in London, being obliged to avoid the provinces as much as possible



on account of his great success as a teacher, and the chief of his engagements have been at the Gaiety and Drury Lane. During the coming season, we shall probably hear a great deal more of both master and pupil, for they have several more dances and sketches "up their sleeves," one of the most attractive being "Returning from the Ball," in which they will introduce a genuine cloak-dance, a dance which originated with the Spanish bull-fighters, and has since grown into the serpentine and other draperial dances. Mr. D'Auban is devoted to his art, and especially fond of teaching; but he has no classes, for he very truly says that the "mental grasp" of each is so different that class-work is not satisfactory for either; he has no assistants, and, should he discover an altogether hopeless pupil, he "declines with thanks." Little Coralie Blithe is a Londoner, and received all her early training from Miss Lottie Elliott; and though she has been before the public in a desultory way ever since she was a baby, she made her first appearance of any importance in the pantomime at the Lyceum last winter. She is now only just fourteen.



AT THE "ZOO."

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

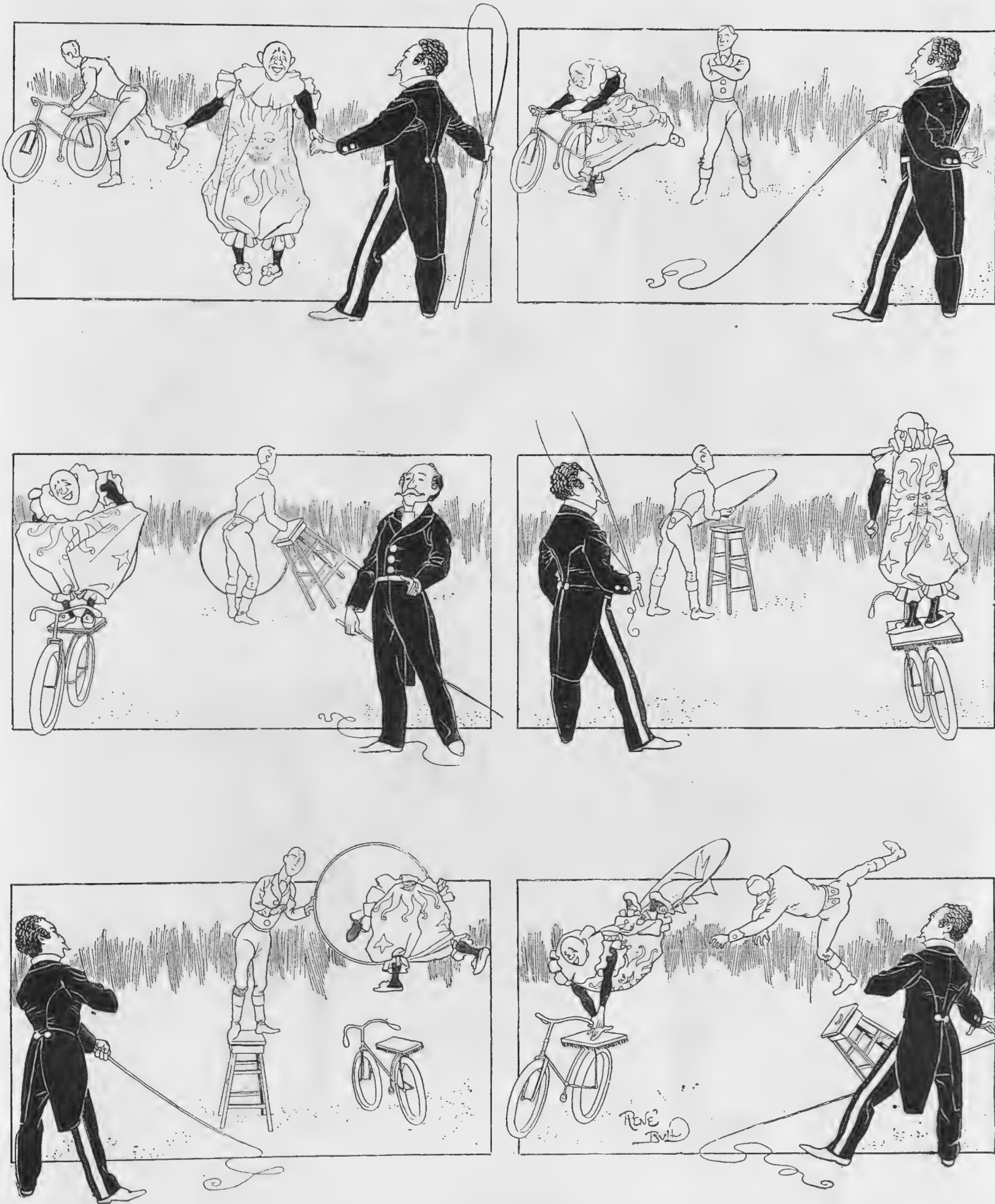


THE NEW GIRAFFE.



ZEBRAS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



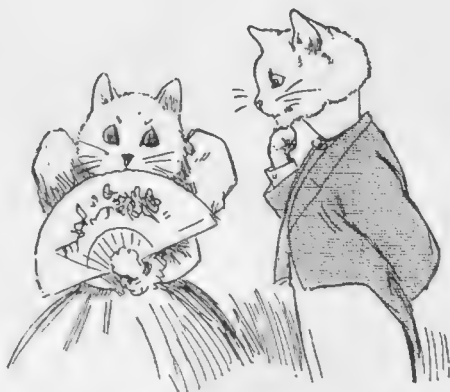
AT THE CIRCUS.



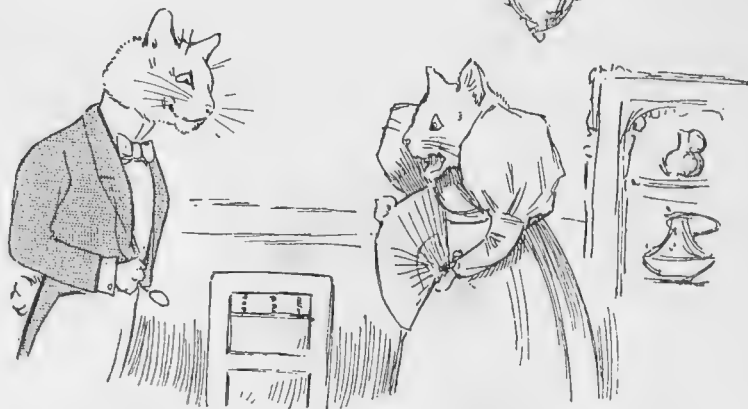
THE GENIUS.



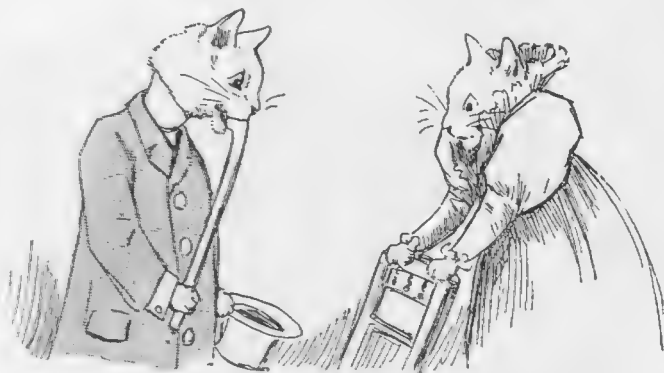
"I hear Smith shot his coverts yesterday, and sent the whole of his bag to the hospital."
"Very generous of him. What did he shoot?"
"Oh; only the gamekeeper."



1. "No brains. Money?" "No; same as you." "Good, let's marry."



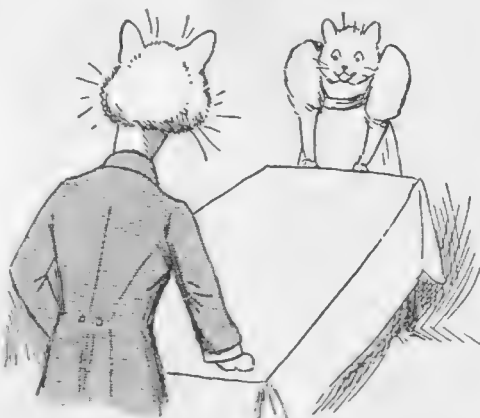
2. "You see, it will only cost us our breakfasts: we can lunch and dine with our friends. Furniture on the hire system."



3. "Just been to the Sprattlers' Club. All the boys are going to set us up all round."



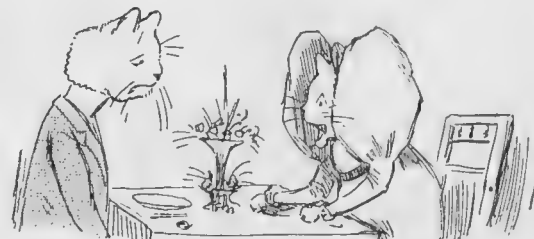
4. "Oh! dear, Lady Emerald and her nieces sent me all the things that were left over from a big bazaar."



5. "But, Milly, when are we going to make love?" "Nothing so bourgeois, my dear Henry: wait for our silver wedding."



6. "Now, my dear Henry, keep your proper place; am I to look well?"



7. At Kensington. "This is the first time we have dined at home for months, and only red herrings for dinner!" "My dear boy, don't let them remind you of our vulgar origin. They are the dish at Lady Baby's."



8. "Tradesmen pressing for their bills in six months! Too monstrous! It will be all over the town by night."



9. "Fellow working-men, society is a sham! Our boasted civilisation is a misnomer!"



10. Twenty years after. Hon. Sec. Socialists' League, honorarium £300 a-year. Hon. Sec. Society for the Relief of Fellow Workers, honorarium and perks £800 a-year.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLVI.—THE ATHENÆUM.

In the chief sitting-, which is also supping- and smoking-room, at a once very interesting and still, I hope, flourishing Bohemian club, the Arundel, Salisbury Street, Strand, during the later 'sixties, the son of the *Athenæum's* founder used to be nightly the centre of a spell-bound circle of listening friends. Leicester Buckingham, Silk Buckingham's son, was, at the time now spoken of, a fine-looking man. He must have been in earlier days a remarkably handsome man. His pose, standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and his silver-grey hair streaming over his short artist's velvet coat, was the attitude of one who had been accustomed to personal admiration and to intellectual applause. Until its close, now some two decades ago, Leicester Buckingham edited the *Morning* as well as the *Evening Star*. His memory is not, perhaps, quite as perfect as that of a smaller and meeker gentleman whom, with glittering eye, he holds waiting on his authoritative utterances, Burton Blyth, then a chief writer for the *Standard* newspaper. But Buckingham has seen more of journalism's byways, has moved more actively behind the scenes of politics and newspapers, than anyone else present in this historic apartment. E. Laman Blanchard, the *doyen* of theatrical criticism when I first knew the Arundel Club, is of such unverified antiquity as popularly to be supposed to have assisted Thespis in establishing on his historic cart the Greek drama upon Attic soil. But Blanchard's reminiscences, interesting, like all which that shrewd and lovable veteran has to tell us, are theatrical principally. Buckingham's conversation covers the whole ground of, as well as the chief incidents in, publicism and practical statesmanship almost from the present century's beginning. He can, for instance, recall his father's long struggle with



SIR CHARLES DILKE'S GRANDFATHER.

the East India Company while the nineteenth century was as yet an infant; how the paternal newspaper established by Buckingham in Calcutta was suppressed at "John Company's" instance; how the baffled journalist at once began lecturing against his enemies, the Chartered Monopolists of the East; how he did not desist from that employment until he saw the beginning of the movement which was to transfer India from Company to Crown. All these things had been witnessed, or heard first-hand, by the strenuous son of the *Athenæum's* originator. Silk Buckingham's vicissitudes were connected immediately with the weekly organ he introduced to existence. The heavy losses which he had sustained by



SIR CHARLES DILKE'S FATHER.

Photo by Claudet, Regent Street, W.

the suppression of his Asiatic news-sheet were all made good to him by public subscription. Over and above the losses which he was thus recouped, Buckingham found himself with a substantial sum in hand.

This money, nursed by wise management, and increased through shrewd investment, enabled him to start—four years before the first Reform

Bill—in 1828, the literary journal that since then has always had a political proprietor. Silk Buckingham first entered the House of Commons as Member for Sheffield in the new 1832 Parliament. He sat continuously for the cutlers' capital during his political life. His son helped him in his election fights.

There was, therefore, an obvious fitness in the fact that Silk Buckingham's successor in the proprietorship of the *Athenæum* belonged to a genuinely political family, even as Buckingham himself had been an active politician. The "critic" whose "papers" the present Sir Charles Dilke edited, and who, in 1830, brought the literary print into that ancient family, had shown his political instinct by his disquisitions on the "Junius Letters." He could also boast as his ancestors men who, from the Elizabethan era downwards, had never ceased to advance those principles for which Junius had contended: Nicholas Wentworth, Knight of Calais; that Peter Wentworth, M.P., who, imprisoned under the Tudor Queen, reasserted himself to some purpose in the Stuart Parliament; Sir Francis Walsingham; Sir Philip Sidney. This constitutes a not inappropriate pedigree for a Liberal Member of Parliament under Queen Victoria. By lineal or collateral descent the genealogy belongs to the man who to-day owns the paper which Mr. MacColl (no relation of the estimable Canon), a distinguished Fellow of Downing, one of the best classical scholars on the London press, edits. Sir Charles Dilke's political independence may be conjectured from the criticism he has received indiscriminately at the hands of Conservatives and Liberals. His own curiously mingled convictions on practical statesmanship may be explained by hereditary bequeathal to him of monarchical as well as republican sympathies. The stock whence his mother

was sprung, that of the Wentworth-Dilkes, was not less Conservative than the annals of Maxstoke Castle, that historic stronghold whose lord in the Civil Wars stood for the King. None of the Dilke dynasty has lacked the literary qualifications for the family paper's editorship. Together with the property, the Member for the Forest of Dean received from his father a sound training for the editorial chair. But in the bent of his mind, in his literary tastes and studies, Sir Charles Dilke perpetuates more visibly the influences of his grandfather rather than his immediate sire. By that relative he was chiefly, during his earliest years, brought up. To-day the ancestral methods are reproduced

automatically in the business of daily life by the grandson. Those who have seen Sir Charles Dilke's minutely pre-arranged itinerary when he has been starting on a Continental trip, will be reminded amusingly of those programmes when they read the list of daily agenda jotted down as helps to his memory by the "Junius" critic. One opens at random the volume edited by the grandson, to read such entries as these: "Leave by the eleven train, and reach the dreariest waste within thirty miles of this great fever hospital. Get there twelve. Sit on a gate and drink in the quiet and fresh air until the fever of the brain is calmed. Then to bed."

With the necessary changes, substituting names on the Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean Line for those in the home counties, this excerpt is exactly prophetic of the precise plan of campaign which, when he was Foreign Under-Secretary, and about to take train from Charing Cross, the "critic's" descendant drew up for his own and his friend's guidance. The first nominal editor, under the proprietor, of the *Athenæum* was T. K. Hervey, an elegant scholar of the old school, but a rather indifferent poet, re-echoing the strains of a long obsolete sect. But Charles Dilke I. exercised a much more strict surveillance over Mr. Hervey's action than the second or the third has done over successive conductors of the paper.

For modern readers, the earliest historic editor of the *Athenæum* was Hepworth Dixon, whose portrait accompanies these remarks. At Trinity Hall, the family college on the Cam, Charles Dilke had read mathematics with the present Lord Rothschild as his fellow-student. He had, also, won unique distinction at the Union, and rowed in his College Eight. He began life by a tour round the world, Hepworth Dixon, under whom he had already written, being his companion. Dixon, of course, put the experiences into a book dedicated to his comrade. That editor was not a very popular man. The *Athenæum* itself had, under him, as it had always, many assailants. During some years, Dixon belonged to a little society called "Our Club," which dined weekly at Clunn's Hotel, in



SIR CHARLES DILKE.

Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

Covent Garden, the other members being Thomas Hamber, John Bruce Norton, Henry Spencer Smith, the doctor. To this little company I was sometimes, as a guest, invited. Hepworth Dixon seemed to me, on these occasions, the most agreeable, as in more serious matters I always found him the most obliging, of men. The truth is, the obloquy which, in "Paul Clifford," Bulwer excited against the journal clung to it for many years. The lampoon was unjust, as well as absurd; but the satire was never forgotten until the generation who had known "MacGrawler"



W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

in the flesh had passed away. Next in importance to Dixon was his chief writer and his holiday *remplacant*, J. Cordy Jeaffreson, a slashing writer, but a not unkindly and a very well-informed gentleman. My dear old friend and literary benefactor, Joseph Knight, like my acquaintance Mr. A. J. Butler, belongs to a later but not less distinguished epoch of the *Athenæum's* staff.

In the early 'seventies Charles Dilke published, with an air of mystery which imposed on few, his clever and successful skit, "Prince Florestan," on lines resembling those of Sardou's "Rabagas." The *Pall Mall Gazette* was the only newspaper of any importance which did not detect this

volume's authorship. The *Athenæum* itself was silent on the subject, as, I think, it always has been about its proprietor's writings. The first time I ever met Charles Dilke was at the late Lord Houghton's table, when he was living in Wilton Crescent. The only other guest I can recall was Mr. Appleton, the first editor of the *Academy*, that most successful and vital of the many prints which have been started in hostility to the *Athenæum*, and of which the *Critic*, the *Reader*, and others are only specimens. To his paper Charles Dilke is indebted for something more than an income. The associations of study, the sense of responsibility for intellectual thoroughness which have come to him in his capacity of the *Athenæum's* owner, have caused him to keep a high standard of workmanship and conscientious labour ever before him. So it is that a newspaper proprietor developed into incomparably the best Foreign Office Under-Secretary ever seen, and into one of the shrewdest and best-informed politicians of our day.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE IDOL NODS.

When a man forgets his ideals he may hope for happiness, but not till then.
—JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

The tender, love-sick youth believes
That lovely woman ne'er deceives,
He curses cynic prods.
Alack for belle! alack for beau!
If one fine day he comes to know
The idol sometimes nods.

She may, indeed, be passing fair,
With sparkling eyes and golden hair
That charm him. What's the odds,
If he should ever get a hint
That lovely tresses change their tint?
Ah me, the idol nods!

Again, the merry maiden's feet
Look very small, divinely sweet,
In glossy leather shod.
What praise he'll lavish, goodness knows;
But if he saw her tortured toes
The idol then would nod.

For him, her face is wreathed in smiles—
Misogynists would call them wiles—
There's joy where she has trod;
But then, one day, he sees her frown,
His airy castles tumble down.
Why does the idol nod?

Ah, well for him who comes to think
That life has drab as well as pink,
That man is not a god;
And happiness he'll only find
As soon as he makes up his mind
That idols always nod.

M.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The pneumatic tire will probably come to be regarded in future ages as one of the greatest forces in the evolution of society. What the primitive "bone-shaker," the lofty "ordinary," now a mere survival—nay, even the "safety" in its first inadequacy of solid rubber failed to do, that has been achieved by the "pneumatic safety" of the present. Not only does the new steed rule in the hurried Anglo-Saxon lands and in busy Germany, but the Gaul and the Slav and the women of both have been swept away by the fashion, and the Bois de Boulogne and the winding alleys of Yelaguine Island are even as Battersea Park. Nothing short of the pneumatic tire could stand the shocks of the atrocious cobble-stone pavement that covers most of the streets of St. Petersburg, but the brave and the fair can securely venture, upborne on the air in their wheels, to ride slowly over the treacherous spheres, until they reach some friendly plank bridge, and beyond it a freshly gravelled and rolled macadamised road, and forthwith they put on the pace and scorch through the Islands.

Foremost in the giddy race, as in the deadly breach, is the Russian army. The bicycle has done what it seemed beyond the power of man or the elements to do—it has parted the Russian officer from his beloved mouse-grey cloak, that stately garment that was ever new, and yet, apparently, always worn. But the magic wheel has wrought this miracle, and daily do officers, in batches or as single scouts, flash past the pedestrian in the dark-green uniform common to a large part of the population, with swords high-girt for safety, or peacefully strapped across the back. This, of itself, is almost a revolution. Again, the ever-adventurous Russian woman has emulated her French sister, and wheels passionately, in-habit or divided skirt, in Turkish or Zouave or briefer garments that replace the skirt. These latter, owing, perhaps, to the watchful eye of a paternal police, seem mostly "baggy from the ankles upward," in a measure sufficient to satisfy the Dogberry of Chicago.

It seems to me, as an observer unbiassed by any particular knowledge of the question, that the steel-and-rubber steed is destined to work that revolution in the Russian world that the "iron horse" of former days merely began. Russia has never really accepted the locomotive as an institution; her officers stride through the corridors of the railway-carriages with the sword swinging martially under the floating folds of the inseparable mouse-grey cloak. One might have gone through the empire by rail, and, save by seeing a private soldier, might never have known that the uniform of the Russian army is dark green. An officer on a bicycle is no longer a being of mystery and awe. He has cast off his cloudy mantle, and his sword—no longer swinging and rattling, an unseen terror—is girt tightly up as a manifest encumbrance.

Carry the cycle into the world of thought; we can see at once that it has effected, or is effecting, a vast and subtle change. Already the mysticism of the Slav character must have received its death-blow. Introspection is essential to the mystic. Now, he who cycles (also she), if he introspects, is sure to be reminded with painful suddenness of the solidity of externals. Even a Russian mystic will become more practical after running into a steam-roller, or down the bank of a canal. The familiar types of Muscovite fiction will vanish, or remain but as fossils in a museum. The Tolstoic creed (which is *not*, by the way, the Tolstoic practice) of poverty, asceticism, and non-resistance, is blown to the winds in a sprint through the parks. Preach to a cyclist that all cycles, his own in particular, should be the property of everybody; that it is his duty to abstain from riding, especially on his own machine; and that he must take cheerfully the cutting of his tires—and in a second you will be preaching to the eddying dust, while the breeze bears back to you the lessening sound of a scornful toot.

Would Anna Karenina have surrendered herself to the mercies of a Russian goods-train if her new "bicyclette" had been waiting beside her? No; instead of throwing herself under a truck-wheel, she would have cast a trim knicker over her own wheel, and left that goods-train puffing after her in vain. Or, to come to real life, would Marie Bashkirtseff have diarised and died had she been able to turn into a Marie Divided-skirtseff, or even a Knickertseff, and witch the world with noble wheelwomanishness?

No; the old ideals and the old mysticisms must perish. The irrepressibly modern figure of the lady bicyclist cannot be saddened into congruity by lonely Russian landscapes. The melancholy of the Slav is doomed.

MARMITON.

"TIRED OUT."

When anyone complains of feeling "tired out" with but little more than ordinary exertion, it is an invariable symptom that the Muscular System is not appropriating from the Food the requisite



amount of nutriment; in other words, the muscles are being starved, and in the majority of cases this starvation will be found to be due to diminished supply of Animal Food. In all such cases the Diet should be regulated so as to include an increased quantity of Albuminous, Gelatinous, and Fatty substances; and a dose of Guy's Tonic taken after each Meal. Blood thus produced will soon confer Strength and Tone upon the exhausted Muscular System; any amount of exertion

will then come to be regarded as a pleasure. Guy's Tonic does not—like Alcohol—goad the system into momentary activity; it operates as a gentle stimulant upon the various Tissues, inducing them to perform their functions in a perfectly natural manner, and is the best remedy yet produced in all low, weak, and atonic conditions of Body.

BRIEF REPORTS.

Miss E. MEEKINS, of 1, Eversley Cottages, Cromwell Street, Hounslow, writes:

"I am glad to say that by taking Guy's Tonic I have recovered from that prostrate feeling, and am much better."

WILLIAM TERRISS, the popular Actor, writes thus:

"Adelphi Theatre, London, W.C., June 25, 1895.

"I can heartily recommend Guy's Tonic; it is a most excellent Nerve remedy, and as good as new life in its recuperative results."

Guy's Tonic may be procured of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the World. It is prepared under the direct supervision of a qualified Pharmacist, from the purest materials that money can purchase and the most careful selection ensure.

A HORSE FOR EVERY HOME

**VIGOR'S
HORSE EXERCISE
AT HOME.**



Solves the Exercise Problem.

By its aid it is possible to take riding exercise at any time, without waiting for favourable weather, or being at the expense of a horse. This remarkable invention has been tried and examined by the most eminent doctors and specialists, and is declared to be a

**PERFECT SUBSTITUTE
FOR
HORSE-RIDING.**

It can be used without exertion, at any pace, and is so exhilarating and delightful in its action that it speedily removes many distressing complaints. It

KEEPS THE BRAIN BRIGHT.

STIMULATES THE LIVER.

REDUCES CORPULENCE.

PROMOTES DIGESTION.

INCREASES MUSCULAR ACTIVITY.

**TROT,
CANter,
GALLOP.**

Particulars, with Illustration, post free.

Vigor, 21, Baker St. London.

Mappin & Webb's



**PRESENTATION
PLATE.**

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

THE "THORWALDSEN" BOWL, IN STERLING SILVER.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W.

(Facing the Mansion House).

Manufactory: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

How to Get Up Your Strength.

If you were asked to define the word "*strength*," do you think you could do it? Don't be cocksure. The dictionary at my elbow has a whole column of stuff about it under twenty different heads, and after having read the whole of it I am asking you for your definition. But there's no hurry. So long as we know the *thing itself* when we have it, we shall do.

No matter what the learned men say it is or isn't, we have got to learn it all the same. How to keep it when we have got it, how to get it back when we have lost it—those are the really practical points. For this world has no mercy on the weak, you know. If you can't keep up you will be run over. If you can't do your own fighting your friends will soon get tired of doing it for you. It's an awful thing to say, I know, but this world is much like a cage of beasts.

Here is a lady, Mrs. Susan Stocking, who understands what I am driving at. For six long tedious years she tried every way to get back her lost strength, and only succeeded after—But let her tell the story; and you weak men and women, listen to it. Then you can begin where she left off.

"In April 1887," she says, "whilst in service in Regent Street I got into a low weak state of health. I had no life, no energy. I was languid and tired all the time. Everything was a worry and a trouble to me. I had a constant feeling of sickness and a poor appetite, and after meals

I had a sense of weight and pain at the chest. Even the most sparing meal made me feel *blown out*, so that I had to unloose my clothing.

"My skin turned sallow and dull-looking, and the whites of my eyes turned a kind of greenish-yellow colour. And I was so depressed and melancholy I had no wish for company. I never felt rested. I got up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

"Getting no better, I took a situation at Eastbourne, in hopes that a change of air might do me good; but I felt no benefit from it. I then went to my home in Glemsford, in Suffolk, where I stayed a fortnight; but still I *did not get up my strength*.

"Better and worse, I was in this miserable weakly condition year after year. In December 1892 I got so bad that I went to the Soho Hospital, and was under treatment there for six months. But the medicines I took there did me no good. I was also treated by a doctor at Bromley for three months to no purpose.

"In January 1893 I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I had heard about this medicine years before from my fellow-servants, but I had no faith in its doing me any good; so I did not use it at that time.

"Now, however, as the doctors seemed unable to help me, I made up my mind to try it, and bought a bottle from Mr. Thompson, the chemist in Bow Road. That one bottle did me good. My appetite revived and my food agreed with me. The pain at the chest and that horrid feeling of oppression went away. I was cheered up and

hopeful. So, to make my letter short, I need only say that I kept on with the Syrup, and was soon able to eat anything. Then my strength came back, and it wasn't long before I was as strong as ever I was in my life. I am only sorry that I didn't take the Syrup when it was first recommended to me. If I had I should have escaped years of suffering. (Signed) Susan Stocking, 17, Donald Street, Devas Street, Bromley-by-Bow, London, April 25, 1894."

There! That is an admirable letter. We are obliged to Mrs. Stocking for writing it, and the public will feel obliged to her. It is plain, clear, and straight, like "*Robinson Crusoe*." It shows us how to get up our strength when we have lost it. It shows that we lose our strength when that tormenting and killing old complaint, indigestion and dyspepsia, takes away our appetite, and makes it impossible for us to digest our food, even when we *do* eat. It shows that tonics and physics and change of air do very little good, if any. We must, some way, get rid of the stomach trouble. Nothing else is any use if we can't do that. And, finally, Mrs. Stocking's letter shows that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure that abominable cause of all the pain and weakness so quickly that it must be seen or experienced to be believed. Yet it is so, and lots of people say so, besides her.

It was a thousand pities she didn't take the Syrup when her friends first told her to, but better late than never. Ah, yes, indeed! What a splendid thing is strength, whether we can define it or not; and what a splendid thing is Mother Seigel's Syrup, that helps us to get strong and keep strong!

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

Purchasers residing at a distance have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from the largest and choicest stock in London. Many of the designs are protected by Registration, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

WILSON & GILL

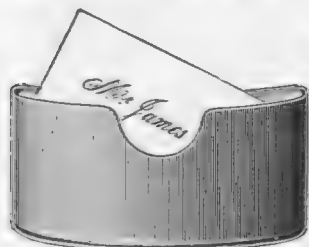
MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS,
134, REGENT ST., London.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

All goods manufactured by Wilson & Gill are guaranteed of the highest quality and finish, and when not approved of, may be exchanged, or, if desired, the amount paid will be refunded.

Carriage Paid on parcels to any part of the United Kingdom.

EVERY ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES AT MANUFACTURERS' NET CASH PRICES.



Gentleman's Concave Card-Case, New Shape, Solid Silver, 17s. 6d.



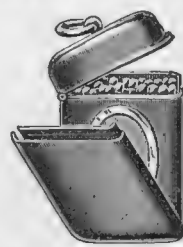
Solid Silver Milk-Jug, 1/2 pint, 30s.

IMMENSE STOCK.

REDUCED PRICES.



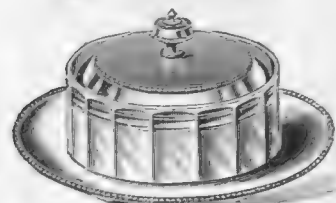
Best Electro-Plated Soufflet-Frame, with one dozen Cups, 50s.



Secret Photo Match-Box, Solid Silver, 20s. Solid Gold, 100s.



Solid Silver Pocket-Flask, Concave Side, 1/2 pint, 50s.



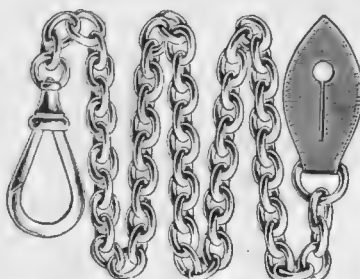
Fine Crystal Butter-Cooler, with Solid Silver Plate and Lid, £1 15s.



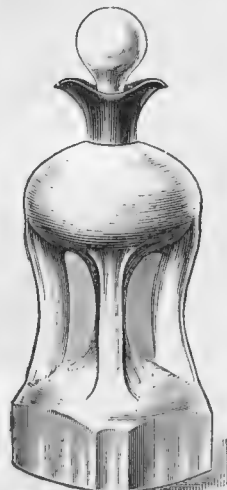
Spirit-Bottle with Stopper, Solid Silver Mounts, 40s.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Largest Stock in London.



Solid Silver Key-Chains, Hall-marked every link, 15s.



Fine Crystal Black Forest Bottle, Solid Silver Neck, 15s.



Solid Silver Bowl, 6 1/2 in. diameter, with Netting for Cut Flowers, 75s.



Crystal Heart Bon-Bon Dish, pierced, Solid Silver Rim, 20s.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE.

M. Alphonse Daudet, and other distinguished outsiders, may rail and jeer at the French Academy, but the fact remains that, to be elected One of the Forty is still considered the greatest honour that can befall the latter-day *littérateur*; and among those who were bound to ultimately assume the green coat and to sit among their fellows under the historic *coupole*, Jules Lemaître, poet, critic, and dramatist, has long held a leading place, and his election was one of the most popular that has taken place for a long time.

M. Lemaître hails from the beautiful country which lies about the banks of the Loire; and he has always retained a profound tenderness for that corner of old-world France, although he is essentially Parisian by instinct and adoption.

Every French writer of distinction, with scarce an exception, has either been a journalist or a schoolmaster. M. Lemaître was, for five years, Professor of Rhetoric in the Havre Lycée, where, among his pupils, was Hugues Le Roux. Later, he taught in Algiers and Grenoble, and it was only some twelve years ago, after he had passed his fortieth birthday, that the man who was destined to exercise so great an influence on French critical literature came to Paris in order to join the great army of dramatic critics and essayists.

He had already published a volume of verse, but his first real success was made some two years after his arrival in Paris, with a remarkable volume, entitled "Les Contemporains," a book which made almost as great a sensation as if it had been a successful novel, and which dealt with the careers and literary personalities of such writers as Émile Zola, Renan, Victor Hugo, and Ohnet, this last, at that time, the most popular of French novelists, and on whose work M. Lemaître ventured to make a violent and brilliantly satirical attack. Some time after the publication of this volume, he was offered the post of dramatic critic to the *Journal des Débats*, where his weekly causerie soon became, and has remained, one of the most charming features of Parisian journalism.

Of late years M. Lemaître has joined those he once lived to criticise, and has become a playwright, producing in quick succession, "Révoltée" at the Odéon, "Le Député Leveau" (a real success from every point of view) at the Vaudeville; "Mariage Blanc," at the Théâtre Français; "Flipote," a painful little study of the comédienne, at the Vaudeville; and "Les Rois," with Sarah Bernhardt in the principal rôle, at the Renaissance.

He has also made a speciality of the Russian and Scandinavian drama, and was the first to introduce Ibsen to the French public, and this although he has never read the works he so admires in the language in which they were written.

The famous critic-dramatist (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) lives in a quiet street running parallel to the Champs Élysées. He receives his visitors in a lofty, studio-like apartment, where the stained-glass windows and the well-filled book-shelves are in strange contrast to the four brilliant *fin-de-siècle* Chéret cartoons which cover the whole of one side of the room. M. Lemaître has a kindly, thoughtful face, and possesses the proverbial politeness of the Lorrain; nothing can exceed his courtesy and evident wish to put his visitors thoroughly at their ease. Plunging at once *in medias res*, I asked him his views about theatrical realism.

"I must admit," he answered slowly, "that I am rather tired of the subject. To begin with, in what sense is the word realism to be interpreted? If regarded from a materialistic point of view, true realism is impossible. Take, for example, the very simple matter of representing a room upon the stage. Our lives are spent in apartments contained within four walls, a stage room can only possess three sides. So many of these conventions must be allowed for and observed that it is of no use to discuss the question of absolute realism. I remember once hearing Got remark, 'They talk of the stage being true to life, and ignore that no actor, when on the boards, ever has a shadow!'"

"Apropos of actors, do you prefer to find genius or talent in a comedian?"

It is not fair to ask an actor to give up his originality; any dramatist will acknowledge how much depends on those who interpret his work; and genius, when the genius is really at his or her best, is a godlike quality. Still, Augier is said to have once remarked to a famous tragedian, 'All I ask of you is *Ayez du talent*.'"

"And are you one of those who believe in the actor turning playwright?"

"No, for some reason which I cannot explain, those who should theoretically know all about the practical side of acting rarely make good playwrights. But a play—that is, if it is written to be acted, rather than read—should, of course, be put together by someone who understands something of stage exigencies and conventions. For instance, many a play that reads well may act badly, and it is possible for a comedy to succeed even if it be very badly composed from a literary point of view."

"I believe, Monsieur, that you are an admirer of Maeterlinck?"

"Yes, but he is essentially a writer. I would rather read to myself than see acted by others. He analyses the soul, and his creations are spiritual rather than material."

"And Ibsen?"

"Ah, Ibsen is a great stage-manager as well as a great playwright and thinker. What interests me in the Norwegian dramatist is not that I agree with his theories, but that I admire his admirable exposition of what he thinks and feels. 'Ghosts,' the first of his works with which I became familiar, made a profound impression on me."

"And 'The Doll's House,' Monsieur? I believe that you first introduced that play to Parisian audiences?"

"Well, 'The Doll's House' exemplifies what I said just now. I think the problem, or the set of problems, dealt with are less new than the author would like us to believe," he answered, a curious smile flickering over his face. "In both 'Ghosts' and 'The Doll's House,' Ibsen leads an attack, if not on marriage itself, still on marriage as we understand it. Now, if we were all obliged, before taking that great step, to study all the social and religious sides of the question, the Holy Estate would come to an end. Chance, or, if you prefer it, luck, plays a great part in matrimonial matters; and I see no reason to suppose that this state of things will alter for many a long day to come. Time, and time alone, will always show whether a man and his wife agree with each other; and so Ibsen, to my mind, fights intangible and immovable evils."

"Then, to your thinking, a playwright should not at the same time essay to be a moralist?"

"I myself," he answered indirectly, "always try to tell the truth, and to show life as I have found it. But I do not write with a purpose."

"And which comes most easily to you—your journalistic or your imaginative work?"

"I do not find that journalism is conducive to imaginative work. My weekly article takes up two whole days out of the seven, and often leaves me feeling mentally exhausted and unfit for other composition. When working at a play, I seem to hear people speaking their parts; but after having written a sentence, I always read it over, and consider whether a real person would have said the same words under the same circumstances."

"Have you any theories as to the future of French literature?" I inquired.

"I have drawn certain conclusions from what I have noted in the past and present. I think, for instance, that so-called naturalism is a thing of the past. In our art, as in all others, there is a constant tendency towards reaction. We are now tending to a more sober and more exact form of literature."

"A return to the classical?"

"No, for our boys and young men are no longer taught the classics as they once were. Even our own language has altered, and will alter far more as time goes on. All kinds of modifications will creep in, and this will surely affect the literature of the future." With these words, we concluded our conversation, and, as M. Lemaître was accompanying me to the door, I noticed, let into a screen, a curious Chinese figure, dressed in robes, mandarin fashion, and bearing a quaint and startling resemblance to my host. "Yes, there am I, *en Tonquinois*," he observed. "A friend of mine, who is in the East, had a small photograph of me, and one of the native artists produced from it that portrait; it is a curious proof of the imitative, rather than of the creative, temperament of the Chinese nation."



IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA.

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

MR. PRITCHARD MORGAN, M.P., ON GOLD.

Between a landscape by Leader, R.A., depicting a harvest-field of golden grain, and an old engraving illustrative of washings for grains of gold in Wicklow, on the walls of Mr. Pritchard Morgan's office, not a hundred yards from the Bank of England, there lie on his table very solid specimens of the gold quartz of the Morgan Gold-mine, which his energy and indomitable perseverance has made a great success. Few persons would have dared to venture on the reopening of a working which, to all appearance, had been abandoned as played-out; but Mr. Pritchard Morgan's practical knowledge, gained during twenty years among the gold-fields of Australia, stood him in good stead, and the present yield of the old "Gwynffydd" mine, now very properly celest the "Morgan Gold-mine," fully justifies his most sanguine expectations, which he originally formed when he purchased the property. In March, '88, crushing operations commenced, and within the ensuing four months no less than 4108 ounces of gold were obtained, the value of this being over fourteen thousand pounds.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan is a dapper little man, in the prime of life, and apparently as "hard as nails." When I met him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), the butt end of a pistol, brought up to town to be cleaned, protruded from an inner breast-pocket, prognosticating the mining expedition on which I had heard he was about to engage; while his sleeve-links, of polished Welsh gold quartz, which he showed me in the course of our subsequent chat, seemed to symbolise his connection with the Principality of "gallant little Wales," and with Merthyr Tydvil, which he has represented in Parliament since '92.



MR. PRITCHARD MORGAN, M.P.

Photo by Barrands, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

"So you are off at once to West Australia, Mr. Pritchard Morgan?"

"Certainly. I am going for the benefit of my health, to avoid the severity of the English winter, and to pay a visit of inspection to the gold-fields of West Australia, especially to those around Coolgardie, and to cast my eye around on any tracts of country I may deem worth acquiring. It is a little holiday-trip of a few weeks—one which, I venture to think, will not prove unprofitable—before Parliament meets."

"I am quite sure you are not embarking on any wild venture."

"You are right. No, the present success of the West Australian gold-mines had a great deal to do with my visit, and I shall go in my own financial interests, as well as representing those of others who, like me, are prepared to lay out fairly large sums of money in purchasing already partly developed and quite undeveloped mines, should it seem advisable in the opinion of myself and of my little party of experts and assayers to do so."

"You interest me very much."

"Yes; Mr. G. W. Hall, my former manager at the Welsh gold-mines, and now my partner, accompanies me. He is, I should suppose, the best practical geologist in England as regards mining matters, and I am hoping that our united knowledge and experience may be turned to some advantage. Mr. Roberts, the original prospector I employed in '84, a perfect ferret for gold, is also of our party. Under their control, we have a well-selected little band of prospectors, fully equipped, and, besides, we are taking out a stamp-mill, and other machinery. Indeed, our expedition to the rich gold-fields of West Australia presents so many possibilities that I had, perhaps, better not dilate on them too promisingly."

"Did you say something about your eldest daughter, Miss Kate Pritchard Morgan, accompanying you?"

"Certainly; she started last week from Plymouth, and I shall, in a few days, pick up the liner she is on board at Naples. She is the most enthusiastic of miners; she can assay and pan-out with anyone—indeed, she is a fairly good judge of a gold-mine. Two or three times a-week she regularly sends me reports of the Welsh mines."

"And you will be pleased to visit old scenes and see old friends?"

"Indeed I shall. I have many old chums in Queensland, and not the least dear is my old friend the Warden of East Coolgardie, whom I have known this twenty-five years. I was in Gympie in the 'sixties, when the Government actually hadn't a miner's right printed, and when the sergeant of police was the only possessor of the Queen's authority to issue them, which he did on slips of brown paper or on sheets of bark."

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Pritchard Morgan. *Bon voyage!* Don't forget to bring me back a nugget."

ON THE ROAD TO COOLGARDIE.

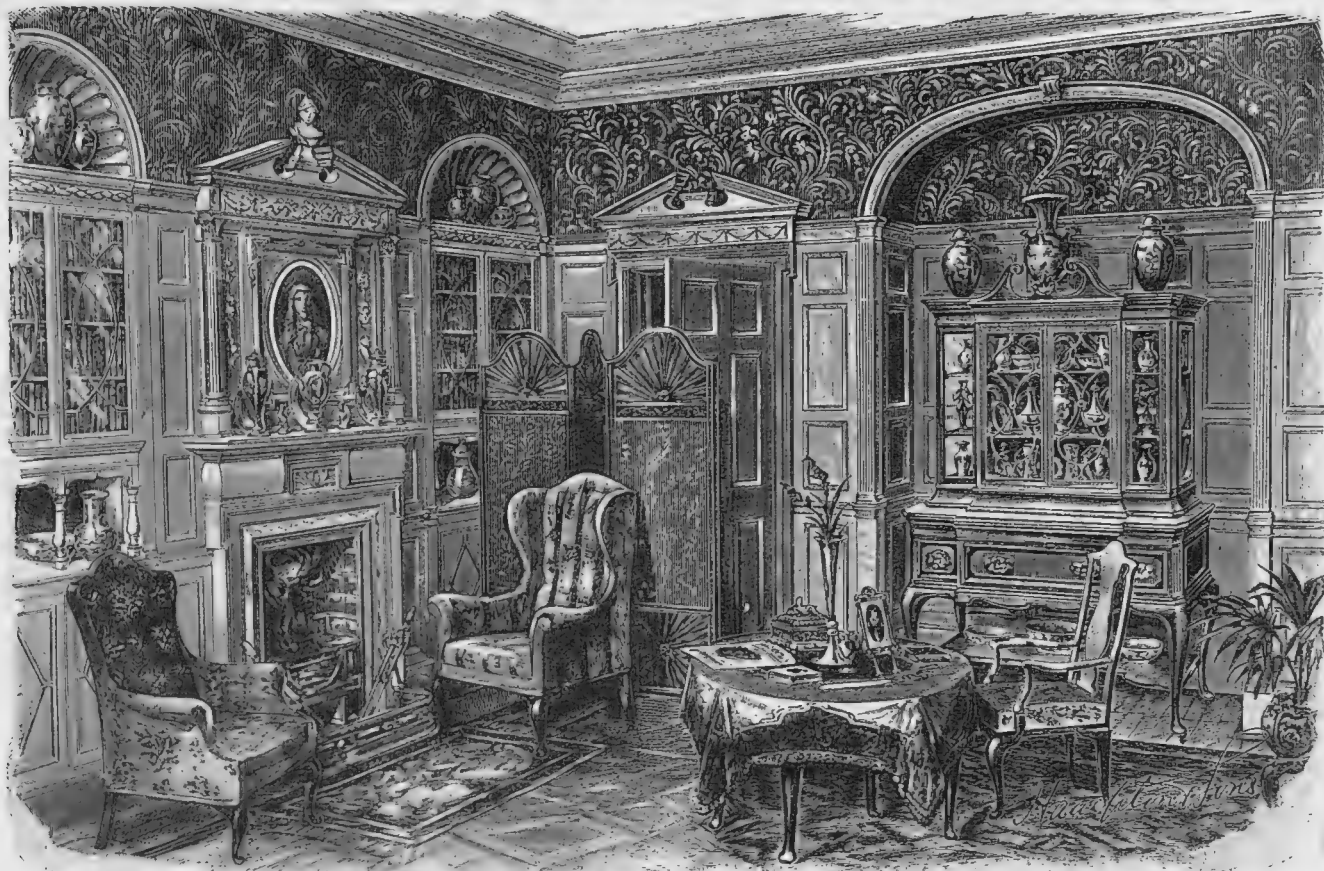
The journey from Perth to the Gold-field of Coolgardie, a distance of 450 miles, occupies ten days and nights, of which sixteen hours are spent on the railway, which at present reaches only as far as a place called Southern Cross, and the remainder of the time in one of the ramshackle vehicles, dignified with the name of "coach," which do the 120 miles through the bush to the now famous mining township. The railway is being pushed forward rapidly from its present terminus, in obedience to the exigencies of the ever-increasing traffic to the various gold-fields; and, almost by the time this goes to press, the whole of the extension to Coolgardie will be complete, and the coach-road through the interminable wilderness of bush and scrub will be a thing of the past, and without a single regret attaching to its disappearance, except, of course, on the part of the coach-proprietors, who, naturally, have been reaping a golden harvest pending the advent of the iron horse. There are several so-called "coaches" that run from the "Cross" to the fields, but the cheap ones are so badly horsed, and the accommodation they offer is of so doubtful a character. The appearance of the vehicle can be better imagined than described; built on the old-fashioned American lines, it reminded me very forcibly of the celebrated "Dead-wood Coach," which was so prominent a feature in Buffalo Bill's entertainment—though, if anything, still more battered and ill-constructed. For such roads—or rather, forest-tracks—which exist in this part of Western Australia, such a vehicle is well adapted, for certainly nothing more elegant could stand such treatment as these get, or carry such loads. The scenery one passes through in this monotonous journey is summed up in the two inevitable words—"bush," "scrub," for when it is not one it is the other, and, more often than not, both, and if there is one thing more difficult than another for the average writer to accomplish, it is to describe over and over again the same subject, and to find different words for each description. I am in that predicament, for the "scenery" (if it can be so called) of the entire road from Southern Cross to Coolgardie, with but few exceptions, was so complete a counterpart of what I have already described as between Albany and Perth that, were I asked which portion of it was most impressed on my memory, I should unhesitatingly reply "all." From the botanist's point of view, the occasional change in the many varieties of "Eucalyptus gum" trees—which appeared to be confined to certain well-defined zones—or the noticeable absence of the hitherto ever-present "black-boy" bush, might perhaps have offered some opportunity for indulging in hypothesis; but to the ordinary observer, from the top of a coach, once the freshness of novelty worn off, they were to him simply trees, trees, trees—as far as the eye could see on all sides, while the endless vista of track stretching as straight as a line for miles and miles ahead, hour after hour, at last had the effect of reducing one to chaotic dullness.

The one great feature of this road was the enormous amount of traffic along the whole length of it; in fact, the number of teams we passed even during the first hour was so exceptional that I remarked as much to our driver, when I learnt, to my astonishment, that since the big rush to the gold-fields, and the consequent establishment of new townships everywhere in the district, trade has increased to such an enormous extent as to keep in constant employment no less than seven hundred of these teams, each consisting of a heavy buck-wagon and seven or eight horses. All the heavy machinery for the different mines has been carted up in this manner, so, when one considers that cartage amounts on an average to £28 per ton (boilers even as much as £48 per ton), one can realise what it must cost to start a mine or set up a store in these out-of-the-way places. We changed our team every eighteen miles or so, five fresh horses always being ready on our arrival at the corrugated-iron hut which represents the post station—good-looking horses, as a rule, who would have done better time had the road given them a chance. As it was, we generally averaged two hours and a half for each stage. Scarcity of water, which has hitherto been the great bugbear of the Bush, is at length being overcome in these parts, the Government having taken the matter in hand and constructed large dams to collect the rain-water, which, until quite recently, was permitted to escape. All the so-called lakes—which, by the way, are only so in name in summer, when they are merely dry sandy flats—are when full composed of a liquid so saturated with brine that sea-water would taste sweet in comparison. The many borings which have been made all over the Bush have, in most cases, only tapped subterranean salt-springs. The chief drinking-water in use for some time past has been that obtained by condensing this brine, so the value of it may be imagined. At most of the stations where we stopped were notices up, "Water for Sale," though, where the Government had got a reservoir near, the profits arising from the sale of "condensed water" were considerably lessened—in fact, the proprietor of the condensed has to be content with the same price as is paid at the dam or shut-up shop. The present scale of charges is—one hundred gallons, 2s. 6d.; fifty gallons, 1s. 6d.; horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, per head, 2d.; sheep, pigs, per score per drink, 4d.; camels per drink, 4d.; foot-travellers free. Twelve months ago, before these dams were constructed, the water-merchants used to charge £2 10s. per one hundred gallons, or 6d. per gallon.

The only incident worthy of mention during these two tedious days on the coach was our passing a gold-escort on its way to the "Cross." It was merely a five-horse buggy, with two police-troopers riding on either side, while a non-commissioned officer sat on the box next the driver. I learnt afterwards that, under the loose sacking in the carriage, were cases containing no less than 13,000 ounces of solid gold, on its way from the mining districts to the capital.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

HAMPTON & SONS, EXPERTS IN INEXPENSIVE DECORATIVE FURNISHING.



QUEEN ANNE MORNING ROOM. From the "SPECIMEN INTERIORS" in HAMPTON & SONS' GUIDE TO TASTEFUL FURNISHING.

Wall Panelling ... pine, primed for Painting, 2s. per square foot.
Mantel and Overmantel ... do. 18 guineas.
Overdoor ... do. 25s.
Bookcases ... do. 50s. per foot run.
Cabinet in Solid Mahogany ... 19 guineas.

Table in Solid Mahogany, 75s.
Four-fold Screen, do., with Tapestry panels, £9 15s.
Two Easy Chairs in Tapestry, 70s. each. Arm Chair, 55s.
Brass Pierced Fender, 45s.
Set of Brass Fireirons, 12s. 6d.

HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

A LAXATIVE & REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE,
MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

47, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 6d. a Box.

For all
Facial
Blemishes



ASHAMED TO BE SEEN because of disfiguring facial blemishes is the condition of thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in CUTICURA SOAP is to be found the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world. For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, it is wonderful.

Sold every where. F. NEWBURY & SONS, London, E.C.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"

On Every Packet and Tin.

FOR THE
BEST VALUES NOW
OBTAINABLE IN EVERY
DEPARTMENT OF
FURNISHING
SEE
HAMPTON & SONS'
GUIDE TO
TASTEFUL
FURNISHING
AT
SMALL OUTLAY

Fifty Examples of Artistic Interiors, and 2000 Illustrations of separate articles are shown in this Work.

Send Free to those about to Furnish.

In view of the steady and
CONTINUOUS INCREASE

in the amount of Decorating and Furnishing Work with which they are being favoured,

HAMPTON & SONS

have again Augmented their Staff, and still further extended their already Unrivalled Facilities for carrying out EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK in connection with the

DECORATING,
FITTING, AND
FURNISHING OF
HOUSES

IN THE
MOST TASTEFUL
MANNER AT LEAST
EXPENSE.

Sanitary and Electrical Work a Speciality.

John Heath's Pens.
BIRMINGHAM

The Oldest Liqueur Scotch Whisky!
DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.
QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED by

Stenhouse



THIS Very Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years. Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness. This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve of the special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of a less age than described in this announcement.

WM. STENHOUSE AND CO.,
West Regent Street,
GLASGOW.
Cheques crossed National Bank of Scotland

FOR DAINTY TABLES

Cerebos
SALT
DOES
NOT CAKE

THE FOOD-STRENGTH OF BRAN
CEREBOS SALT CO. LTD. London
& Newcastle-on-Tyne. From Grocers 6d. & 1s.



WHERE ELLIMAN'S COMES IN USEFUL.

AN APPEAL.

DURING the Influenza Epidemic this year the Medical Profession universally prescribed **HALL'S COCA WINE**. The unexpected and increased demand we were unable to meet, and we were obliged to publicly apologise for non-delivery of orders. We are now in a position to meet any demand that can arise. Unfortunately the demand, which we were unable to meet, induced a number of individuals to offer the public, under the name of Coca Wine, unpalatable and utterly useless preparations, which have disappointed and disgusted those who have been misled. With a view to removing the bad impression created, we are sending to all who are desirous of testing the beneficial qualities of **HALL'S COCA WINE** free testing samples; we only ask that you will send us a post-card and judge for yourselves. It is absolutely proved by the Medical Press and Profession that—

HALL'S COCA WINE is indispensable to over-worked and worn-out men and women;

HALL'S COCA WINE relieves mental and physical fatigue;

HALL'S COCA WINE removes depression;

HALL'S COCA WINE cures neuralgia, sleeplessness, and anæmia;

HALL'S COCA WINE is the most marvellous restorative after illness ever used; and what is still more important, it has none of the fearful after-effects which follow the use of narcotics and other powerful remedies, which relieve for a period, but which inevitably have to be paid for by the reaction which follows.

We have endeavoured to protect the public by adopting the trade-mark of a key-stone in red, with the signature of the firm, S. S. & Co., across the label, and we beg that purchasers will reject any that do not bear this distinctive mark.

Of Chemists and Wine Merchants, 2/- and 3/6 per Bottle,
OR POST FREE FROM

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., BOW, LONDON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The great battle between amateurism and professionalism is not yet concluded. The subtle innuendoes are still made; there is no termination to the instituting of comparisons; and, generally speaking, everybody is in an exceedingly uncomfortable state.

Really, it is full time the controversy was ended. Nobody in this world would dream of upholding the payment of players in sport as an unmixed blessing; but, at the same time, nobody can conscientiously denounce it. Professionalism has its disadvantages, of course, but it has its advantages as well, and the best thing we can all do is to accept it philosophically as a necessary evil. The acceptance of professionalism does not necessarily argue the decay of amateurism.

I am sure we should all feel very sorry if every player was paid for his play—I won't call it work, because I am sure professionals take almost as much interest in and derive as much enjoyment from the sport as amateurs. There is a *clientèle* for "paid" football, and there is a certain class which stands firm by the players who turn out for playing's sake. Then let it rest at that. The subject is a very vexed one, and there are specious arguments on either side, but if we debate till doomsday we shall never alter the matter. It can be summed up in one short sentence: The public favours professional football.

All London is looking forward to the Corinthians' season, with which a commencement will be made on Saturday next with the annual battle against the Army. I suppose there will be the usual result—the massacre of the military, which expression is gratuitously offered to our alliterative friends. Nobody can quite make out why civilians should make such an exhibition of trained men, not even the soldiers themselves; but the fact remains, and season after season the Corinthians win, the only variation being in the number of goals scored. One of these fine days the Army will probably buckle to and astonish everybody by turning the tables. That day will probably have to be long waited for.

The Corinthians, as a sequel to the closing of Kennington Oval to football, have resolved upon a ground of their own, and none better could have been taken than the Queen's Club, West Kensington. The Queen's Club is the most fashionable ground in the kingdom. It is the headquarters of the two Universities, and, as such, it is only in the fitness of things that the Corinthians should make it their permanent residence. With the possible exception of a few little Thursday holiday ones, all the matches of the premier amateur club will take place at the charming ground in the West of London.

After meeting the Army on Saturday next, the Corinthians will be visited by Middlesbrough on Oct. 26. The Middlesbrough team are the holders of the Amateur Cup, for possession of which they conquered the Old Carthusians, and it is pretty certain the Corinthians will make desperate efforts to avenge that defeat, for nearly all the Carthusians are Corinthians also. After that, Notts Forest will be opposed on Nov. 2, while on Nov. 16 a visit will be received from St. Bernard's, the holders of the Scottish Cup. Plenty of nice fixtures follow, and it is said that the programme will this season be a record one for interest.

With only tentative stoppages, in the shape of Cup-ties, the Football League continues steadily on its way, and each succeeding week sees increased interest centred in the competition for the Championship of both the First and Second Divisions. It must be confessed that the fluctuations in either are many, and, though the respective favourites are Aston Villa and Liverpool, the ultimate success of those splendid organisations is by no means assured.

There is one thing about the League, and that is, we can pretty well be certain that the teams which carry off the honours are thoroughly well deserving of them. In this the tournament differs from the fight for the English Cup, which all too frequently falls to a club on a fluke. In the League a team has plenty of time to recover from a bad start, or, *per contra*, to go off form.

Among those clubs which are set the former task are Small Heath and West Bromwich Albion in the First League, and Lincoln City, Burslem Port Vale, and Crewe Alexandra in the Second. These are probably the worst of the thirty-two clubs altogether engaged. I put it doubtfully, because all is not as it seems in these cases. A club may have the misfortune to be set a series of away matches to start with, and those who know the effect of a venue where League clubs are concerned will realise to the full how easy it is to be deceived by taking merely a superficial view of matters up to date.

So far as the Southern League is concerned, it is easier to point to those clubs which are destined to figure in a lowly position than to indicate the team destined to carry off the Championship trophy. Up to the present, Millwall Athletic and Luton Town have done fully as well as their best friends could have desired; and the record of the former is, indeed, one of which to be proud, three matches having been won off the reel, and twelve goals scored to nil. Probably Millwall will win the Southern League for the second time, but it is difficult to prophesy in these sensational days.

The fight for the English Cup is already begun—that is to say, the Cup-ties have commenced, though whether any of the clubs which are at present qualifying for a right to contest in the actual tournament proper have any sort of a chance is a moot point, to say the least. However, so long as the present rules obtain, the farce will continue. To paraphrase a famous quotation: It does nobody any harm, and probably

does the little clubs a certain amount of good. Financially, it does, but no "qualifying" club will win the Football Association Challenge Cup yet awhile.

GOLF.

Yesterday the big golf match between Andrew Kirkcaldy, of St. Andrews, and Willie Fernie, of Troon, for a hundred pounds a-side, was commenced. It will be remembered that Fernie won the toss for choice of the third green, and he has decided upon Prestwick. Yesterday's play took place at Troon; the match will be continued on Friday next at Prestwick, while the concluding portion has been allotted to St. Andrews next Tuesday. A great deal of interest centres in the affair, and there is certain to be a keen contest.

It has been rumoured that, had Kirkcaldy won the spin of the coin, he would have selected the Leven course for the second part, but, anyhow, Prestwick is just about as fair for one as for the other. It was Troon, by the way, that Kirkcaldy, in his big match with Willie Park, chose as one of the four greens to be played over some five years ago. In golf, of course, it is essential that players should be familiar with the courses on which they have to play.

CRICKET.

Thomas Richardson, probably the greatest bowler the world has ever seen, was married on Thursday last, in the historical, not to say picturesque, Beddington Church, and a large number of the Surrey man's admirers took the journey to see him take the important step. Richardson is one of those cricketers who are for ever being compared, with advantage, to the usual run of football professionals. Modest, gentlemanly, and popular, the lightning bowler has made only friends, and hearty indeed were the congratulations when he had assured his future happiness. Brockwell, also of the Surrey eleven, acted as best man.

It need scarcely be added that Richardson received many presents. The Mitcham Club, of which he was so valuable a member, and whence he went straight into the Surrey eleven, entertained him at a concert, and presented him with a purse of twenty-three sovereigns; the Surrey Club gave a splendid twenty-guinea dining-room suite; while numerous admirers, through the medium of the *Morning Leader*, subscribed for a seventy-five guinea piano, on which to play, as it was humorously suggested, "Tom Bowling." The Surrey giant is a credit to his profession, and, if he gets his desserts, then a happy future can be assured him.

The "American" players, under the command of Mr. Frank Mitchell, having returned, George Lohmann's team will presently set out for their tour in the Cape of Good Hope. I am informed that a representative programme has been mapped out, and, with the first match to be played towards the middle of December, the conclusion will not be arrived at till close on the start of the English season in May. As is generally known, the Australians are to visit us in 1896, so busy times can be safely promised.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

As was only to be expected, the last has not yet been heard of the double defeat of the English athletes in the land of the Stars and Stripes. In connection with the first disaster, that which happened to the L.A.C., C. A. Bradley, the famous sprinter who shared in the defeat, penned the following missive to a friend in England—

I daresay you will all be disgusted and grieved in England at the show we made on Saturday; but when you come to think of the disadvantages we had to put up with, I think you will let us down lightly. In the first place, we had only a fortnight to get acclimatised and trained. The water we have here is simply awful—full of insects. The result has been cholera morbus, cramps in the stomach, &c. The heat lately has simply been appalling. On Saturday, the day above all that we hoped to be cool, it was the hottest day they had had for four years; it was 120 deg. in the sun and 98 deg. in the shade, and no breeze. It simply knocked us all up, while the Yankees fairly revelled in it. Wefers, who beat me, is from the West (he has never been heard of before), and got off before me. The real time of the race was 9 4-5 sec., but he (Wefers) really was one and a-half yards inside. I was beaten half a yard, so you see I really beat 9 4-5 sec. The tracks here are a lot faster than English tracks, so that accounts for the fast time. I think they are clay and brick-dust mixed together; they are simply splendid.

Really I do not see that these excuses were called for. Facts speak for themselves, and it would be somewhat unfair to deny the Americans the credit which they so richly deserve. We must be sportsmen first and patriots after. Even admitting all circumstances which detracted from our chances, we are by this time thoroughly satisfied, or at any rate convinced, that the English athletes who crossed the ocean were not to be compared with their conquerors.

Entries closed on Saturday last for the autumn meeting of the London Athletic Club, to be held at Kennington Oval this week-end. It is announced that W. J. Sturgess will attempt to complete the eight-mile race in one hour, and doubtless there will be a big attendance to see so huge an effort. Sturgess's sensational rise has been simply astonishing. The handicap events will comprise 100 Yards, 880 Yards, Two Miles, and Hammer-throwing.

The athletic and cycling season, however, is pretty well at an end, and, practically speaking, cross-country sport already holds sway. It is pleasant to learn that efforts are being made to bring about an international match against Ireland next January, probably on the Baldoyle Racecourse. In the way of University fixtures, the South London Harriers will meet Oxford on Nov. 9, and Cambridge on Dec. 7. The Light Blues oppose Blackheath on Nov. 16.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The winner of the Cambridgeshire may not be easily found this year, and it is safe to predict one of the most interesting races of the series. With horses of the calibre of Best Man, None-the-Wiser, and Marco in the field, to say nothing of many who competed in the longer race, the last big handicap of the year at Newmarket is likely to prove a big draw. When the course of the race was changed, many predicted failure, but since the Cambridgeshire has been run across the flat it has grown in importance.

One of the most popular men on our racecourses is Dr. Algernon Taylor, who has a fine, commanding presence, and looks the good all-round athlete. Dr. Taylor, I need scarcely add, is welcomed everywhere



DR. TAYLOR.

Photo by Soper and Steinman, Strand.

by the officials of all race-meetings, as it is a relief to those in authority to know that a clever surgeon is on hand in case of accidents. Dr. Taylor holds the appointment of Surgeon to the Hurst Park, Gatwick, and Windsor Meetings. He has attended, at one time or the other, the majority of our jockeys and amateur riders. He did good service to the late Mr. Abington. He has also been able to render valuable aid to Count C. Kinsky, the Hon. George Lambton, Mr. Atkinson, Harry Barker, Finlay, H. Porr, and Huxtable. He was first on the scene when the late W. Sensier and the late George Brown met with their falls at Plumpton and Brighton respectively. The Doctor handles his patients with a tender-

ness that gives them confidence. Almost his first promise to a patient after he (the Doctor) has located the damage is that the rider will be seen in the saddle in so long a time; and the Doctor is never far out in his reckoning. Dr. Taylor lives at Dorchester. He is, I need scarcely add, held in the highest esteem by all the jockeys, and also all the officials.

The brothers Taylor, who very nearly brought off a good thing with Bard of Avon in the Cesarewitch, have the largest training establishment in England, but they still have a few vacant boxes, although I believe Mr. Hamar Bass is about to increase his string of horses in training at Manton. Since the railway to Marlborough has been built, Manton has been in touch with the principal racecourses. I remember the time when the Manton horses were taken in vans to Hungerford Station, there to be boxed. The late Alec Taylor always sat on the box-seat of the horse-van, and the passage of the conveyance through the Marlborough streets caused a deal of gossip.

Beeswing is often referred to by sporting writers, and, thanks to a friend, I am enabled to give the mare's record. It runs as follows—

Year.	Age.	Times started.	Won.	Lost.
1835	2 years.	3	2	1
1836	3	5	2	3
1837	4	8	7	1
1838	5	9	7	2
1839	6	12	11	1
1840	7	12	10	2
1841	8	10	8	2
1842	9	5	4	1
Total		64	51	13

This total of fifty-one wins includes twenty-five Cups and nine Queen's Plates, and perhaps her performances in her ninth year were the best, for she started only five times and won four races, which included a walk-over for the Queen's Plate at Chester, and her attempt to win the Queen's Vase at Ascot, which she lost after a desperate race; but in the Gold Cup, two days after, she turned the tables on her conqueror, Saint Francis, in grand fashion. A fortnight after, she won the Gold Cup at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beating Charles XII. in a canter by four lengths. She then went to Doncaster, where she won the Gold Cup from three others, which included the winner of the Derby for that year.

Beeswing during her career on the turf was, in most instances, ridden by Cartwright, and her owner, Mr. Worde, presented him with a magnificent silver cup for his ability as a jockey and integrity as a man. She was a bright bay, stood about 15 hands 2 in., with a beautifully clean neck, very blood-looking head, long, pointed ears, and wide and open nostrils, good depth in the girth, and shoulders well thrown back. Altogether, she was a splendid specimen of a thoroughbred mare.

THE LATE MISS ADA CAVENDISH.

When Ada Cavendish died, on Saturday, Oct. 5, she had been thirty-two years before the London public. Her first professional appearance in the Metropolis was made at the Royalty, on Aug. 31, 1863, in a farcical piece called "The Pirates of Putney." In this she played one Selina Squeers, and a contemporary critic thereupon declared that she had "decided personal attractions," and, "as a representative of the marriageable young lady in farces," seemed "likely to appear histrionically to more advantage in a better part." As a matter of fact, the young débutante stepped straight out of farce into burlesque and drama. She was at once promoted to the rôle of Venus in Mr. Burnand's "Ixion," and thence, again, to a place in the same writer's "Madame Berliot's Ball." In the following year (1864), also at the Royalty, she was the Princess Superba in Mr. Burnand's "Rumpelstiltskin," and, in 1865, she was the Hippodamia in his "Pirithous." Here her novitiate may be said to have ended. In 1866 she went to the Haymarket, where she was destined to make the first of her more prominent successes. This was as Mrs. Pinchbeck, in the original production (1869) of Robertson's "Home." In this character she displayed fully, for the first time, the force and the breadth which were the main characteristics of her style. According to our modern standard, Ada Cavendish would scarcely be described as a finished artist; but she had a good deal of elemental power, and a firm, straightforward method which was wont to carry all before it.

Miss Cavendish's next original part was that of the heroine in Halliday's "For Love or Money" (1870); then came that of Estelle in Marston and Wills's "Broken Spells" (1872); next, that of Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen" (1873); next again, that of Lady Clancarty in Tom Taylor's piece (1874); followed by that of Miss Gwilt in the adaptation of Wilkie Collins's "Armada" (1876). Other creations of hers were those of the "leading ladies" in "The Queen of Connaught" (1877), Mr. Buchanan's "Lady Clare" (1883), young Dion Boucicault's "Devotion" (1884), and Mark Quinton's "In His Power" (1885). At various times, Miss Cavendish was seen as Juliet, Beatrice, Julia in "The Hunchback," Marie de Fontanges, and Donna Diana (in West and Marston's drama); but it was as Mrs. Pinchbeck, as Mercy Merrick, as Lady Clancarty, and as Miss Gwilt that she made the triumphs of her record. She was an emotional actress who was not afraid to let herself go; she felt strongly, and acted with strength. There are those who think that her last appearance in London was made in "In His Power" in the year above-named. This was not the case. In May, 1890, she represented, at the Adelphi, Aphrodite in Mr. Buchanan's poetical play, "The Bride of Love," and I believe she afterwards went with that piece to the Lyric Theatre; but, during the last ten years of her life, ill-health practically prevented her from practising her art with her old vigour and success. Her public career closed virtually in 1885, after twenty-two years' labour. It will always stand out brilliantly in the annals of the English stage.



MISS ADA CAVENDISH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Daker Street, W.

THE PROPRIETORS OF
THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

Invite Inspection of a Unique Collection of

Choice FURS & FUR GARMENTS, either for Ladies or Gentlemen

Imperial Russian Sables,
SILVER FOX, SEA OTTER,
and other Fashionable Furs.



163 & 198, Regent Street, London, W.



LAMARTINE.

Three-quarter Cape in Black Cloth, lined Russian Squirrel, trimmed Black Opossum, 2½ Guineas.

PETER ROBINSON,
REGENT ST.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH



Are indispensable to personal attractions and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the teeth, strengthening the gums, and giving a pleasant fragrance to the breath; it eradicates tartar from the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a pearl-like whiteness. ROWLANDS' ODONTO has a most delightful perfume, and is a perfect toilet luxury for everyone.

SOLD EVERYWHERE at 2/9 per Box.

"A CHARMING SCENT."

H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."
Delightfully and delicately fragrant.
Beware of Imitations.

ATKINSON'S is the only Genuine.

Perfume, Toilet-Powder, Soap, Tooth-Powder, Sachets, and all other specialties with this "charming" odour, of all Dealers throughout the world, and of the Manufacturers—

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, Old Bond St., London.

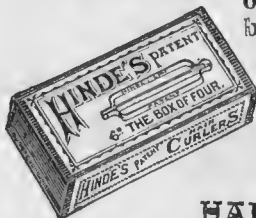
COSMOSINE

The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water.
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.

Refreshing & Invigorating. Delightful to the Skin.
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Greatby Row, Manchester. Order through Chemists, Perfumers, or Stores Everywhere. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.

HINDE'S

Sold in 6d. & 1s boxes.



HAIR CURLERS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Home Baking a Pleasure.

HOW?

TRY IT FREE.

Messrs. BROWN & POLSON, of Corn Flour fame, have produced a Flour for home baking which they have called Paisley Flour, and which requires no addition of yeast or other raising agent. For scones, tea-cakes, pastry, &c., the new PAISLEY FLOUR is entirely successful if a little of it be mixed with ordinary flour. The peculiar advantage is that the process of raising is greatly assisted and simplified, and there is no uncertainty or disappointment as to the result. Bread so made is improved in flavour, and easily digested even when new. A sample, with some useful recipes, will be sent gratis and post free to every reader who names the Sketch. Write to BROWN & POLSON, 99, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

ACHILLE SERRE,

HIGH CLASS DYER AND CLEANER,

263, OXFORD STREET, W.,

Has opened New Branches at

7, TOPSFIELD PARADE, N.
62, STAMFORD HILL, N.

"ABOUT HOLLAND."

A Practical Guide for Visitors.

By GREVILLE E. MATHESON.

Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT and Co., Limited.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



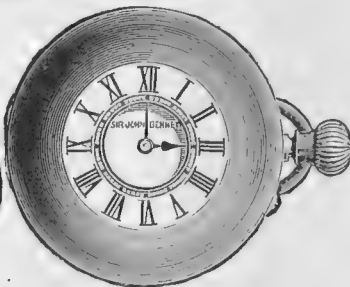
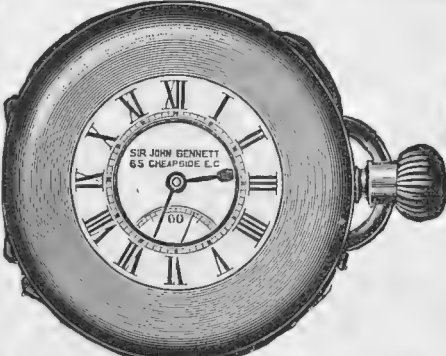
DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price ONE SHILLING.

Post Free 15 stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING. Refuse worthless imitations.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embazoned. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.
£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, London.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENG- LISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. THE CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight.

GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

As a coming celebrity, whose presence with us during the ensuing season is now definitely decided upon, I have been, as in duty bound, interviewing the Black Velvet Coat. I ran it to earth at last in the mantle department of Mr. Peter Robinson's great house, at 256 to 264, Regent Street. Its sterling quality is unexceptionable, as witness the quality of the velvet; and then it clings with faithful closeness to the



figure, only springing away from it to take upon itself the form of gracefully outstanding basques, short and full, which are as becoming as is their wont. As to the sleeves, they are immensely full, as befits their mission in life, which is to pass easily and smoothly over the folds and puffings of other gigantic sleeves, and that without injury to either, their task being certainly simplified considerably by the lining of soft and rich brocade which is used throughout the coat. For trimming, there comes, first, a high collar of black Thibet goat-fur, its soft fluffiness being an admirable setting for the face. And then there are cuffs to match, while the coat fastens down the centre, beneath a broad band of the same fur. A mass of superbly handsome jet appliqué, set with positively gigantic cabochons, covers the whole of the top part of the bodice, both at the back and in the front, and in each case the trimming finishes with three cabochons, connected with festoons of jet and with dangling fringes of jet hanging from them.

Still there remains to chronicle the beauty of six great mother-of-pearl buttons, set round with flashing diamonds, three of which are placed at each side of the basque at the back, and then my tale is almost done—but not quite, for the best remains to the last, and I must now impart to you the supremely interesting fact that you can become the proud possessor of this desirable garment at an expenditure of ten and a-half guineas! It will be an excellent plan to sink some of your capital in such a tempting investment—it will yield goodly profits all through the season, in the shape of a contented mind, which will allow you to gaze with unconcerned self-satisfaction upon the velvet coats of other women, for will not yours surpass them all?

There was another velvet coat, too, of distinguished simplicity, its seams overlaid with passementerie and a touch of dark-brown fur bordering the high collar and the cuffs, while it enjoyed the distinction of possessing the most enormously full sleeves which I have ever yet met—and I have met many and of goodly proportions, I can assure you. These, however, had such an amount of material gathered into the arms, especially at the back, that my imagination shrank from the task of fixing the number of yards contained therein, and I forbore from asking the price in view of this unknown number.

What, for instance, could possibly be a better return for the modest sum of three and a-half guineas than a cape of black *velour du Nord* almost covered with innumerable lines of sequin jet, while a ruche of coque feathers finishes the collar, passes down the front, and outlines the

entire cape, which, by the way, is lined with quilted silk. Then, with this in your mind, look at our second illustration, and imagine a cape of the brightest geranium-pink velvet, with any number of sable skins laid out flatly upon its softly brilliant surface, their little tails forming a fringe round the edge, while they are interspersed with tapering bands of most elaborately beautiful embroidery carried out in white silk cord, and overlaid with a scroll of jet sequins and cabochons. Round the neck a broad sable tie takes the place of a collar, the ends, with their fringe of little tails, falling nearly to the edge of the velvet.

Now, between these two capes there is a wide gulf fixed; but Mr. Peter Robinson has filled this in, and bridged over the erstwhile chasm with a great army of other capes and coats, whose varying prices are arranged to suit everybody, and so I leave you to search among this store for something that fits in with your special requirements; that is, of course, if your affections are not already and finally pledged to the coat of my interview.

I had still a hankering regard left for gowns, in spite of the attractions of the capes and coats, and so I went upstairs in search of something notable, and I found—our last sketch. It is the very latest adaptation of the Princess robe, and you will not succeed in finding it elsewhere, for it is the particular design of Mr. Peter Robinson, and he should be proud of his creation, say I.

Well, to begin with, the skirt is of soft, dark-green cloth, cut out just above the waist-line in the shape of a belt, and then connected with the collar by a central band, which is a continuation of the skirt. The intervening space is taken up by some of the new figured velvet, the green ground patterned with a conventional design in mauve and deep yellow, with just a suggestion of blue introduced—this forming the actual bodice and the sleeves, with tiny zouaves of cloth edged with dark-hued fur as a relief. The buttons which adorn the cloth band and appear at the waist are the loveliest little miniatures, encircled with gold filigree. And then let us give a special amount of attention to the collar, which is one of the first pioneers of the new and much-trimmed variety with which we are soon to be inundated. To begin with, there is a plain, tight-fitting band of the cloth, edged with fur, and then springing



out over this at each side is a shaped piece of velvet, edged with a little quilting of brown satin, the shade being a reproduction of the brown of the fur. It is quaint and effective, like the dress itself, in which the wonderful hang of the skirt would be sufficient to make it beloved by all admirers of smartness and perfect style, and so I leave it with you to be its new advocate in the by no means hard task of winning your affections, and turn to an eminently Parisian confection, where cloth, velvet, fur, lace, moiré, and satin were all brought together in most amicable rivalry. The cloth was of a lovely rich shade of cigar-brown, and composed the full skirt, which opened in front to show a suggestion of the petticoat of violet mirror velvet; and the full, drooping sleeves, too, were of the cloth, with a broad band, piped with velvet, down the outside seam.

The violet velvet appeared as the coat-bodice, which had short, almost plain, basques, the waist being outlined by sundry little tabs of black

moiré ribbon, separated by wee jet buttons; while the fur, which was that special favourite of fashion, chinchilla, was arranged in the form of a deep, square collar. There were also square revers of ivory satin, covered with deep-yellow lace, turned back from a jabot and vest of softest white lisse, the fulness caught in by a deep waistband of black moiré, fastened with three blue enamel buttons set in diamonds.

An evening-gown was of the most exquisite brocade, where, on a ground of cream satin, a raised design of great ostrich feathers in tender



yellow and white curled gracefully over a chiné design of pale-hued flowers in tender shades of pink, mauve, and green. This design was shown off to the greatest advantage on the full, plain skirt, which was fastened over the bodice by a waistband of emerald-green velvet, beneath which three graduated pipings of velvet, each finished by a smart bow, appeared at either side. The bodice was of green satin, veiled with cream net and lace, powdered over with gold-and-green sequins, and held in with braces of velvet, outlined with a wee piping of ruffled lace. This was a harmony in delicate colours, and then, a striking duet in black and white, was an evening-gown of white ribbed moiré, the little pointed bodice having a triple sailor collar—first, one of lawn and lace, then a second one of black velvet, and, last of all, a third collar of the yellow lace. At the back there was a deep waistband of black velvet, drawn upwards to the centre of the corsage in front, where it was tied in an outstanding bow.

One of my visits was paid to "Poor Mr. Potton," at the Vaudeville, and there I found pretty Miss Palfrey, in a very up-to-date bicycling-costume, consisting of smart, rather full knickers, reaching just below the knee, where they are met by long gaiters, and a coat to match, double-breasted, and fastened with large pearl buttons. A Panama straw hat, with ribbon, bow, and quill, completes her attire, and I must admit that she is a telling argument in favour of the "rational" costume.

And now a word to housewives in general, and to my correspondent, "Dame Durden," in particular. No longer need she contemplate the desperate step of sending away an otherwise model servant on account of the putty-like consistency of her pastry, for there has come to the rescue that same Brown and Polson whose corn-flour was the delight of our childhood's days, and which has by no means lost its charm now that we have attained to mature years. The firm's latest claim upon our gratitude bears the name of "Paisley Flour," and is, in reality, a new phase of the corn-flour destined for addition to the ordinary flour when the making of cakes, pies, puddings, and the like, is in progress, and which takes the place of yeast or any other raising-agent.

I can assure "Dame Durden," from practical experience, that, if she presents her cook with a good stock of "Paisley Flour," she will have no further cause for complaint, for you simply cannot make heavy pastry when it is one of the ingredients. I should advise her, if she proposes to try it, to write to Messrs. Brown and Polson, of 99, Queen Victoria Street, for particulars of the flour referred to in *The Sketch*, and get their book of recipes, which they send out without charge.—FLORENCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In "Lilith" (Chatto and Windus), Dr. George Macdonald returns to the manner of "Phantastes." During the interval he has risen to great popularity, and gradually declined from it. It is needless and would be ungracious to investigate the reasons for this. Dr. Macdonald's books have never been without beauty, and distinction, and subtlety, whatever their faults may be. There are still many of the old graces in "Lilith," and the author's admirers will discover some very fine and deep passages. The story, however, is extremely involved and obscure, and it is an effort to read it through.

Mr. Alfred Austin continues to mildly entertain us by babbling of his garden—his, strictly, no longer, as the title honestly sets out, "In Veronica's Garden" (Macmillan). But he is still its willing chronicler, since Veronica, for quite interested motives, I am sure, does not entirely exile him. We are invited to meet the same company as in "The Garden that I Love"—the long-winded poet with the grievous habit of quotation, the flippant Lamia, the amiable, garrulous gardener, and Veronica, than whom no more detestable woman was ever forced on an acquaintance. In a novel, Veronica would be very bearable, for her historian would surely laugh with us at her morbid regularity, and her attempt at bullying a supremely disorderly universe into spinsterlike method and discomfort; and entertainment would result. But here he forces us into close quarters with her, standing by in an attitude of almost fierce admiration, and lengthening out the terrible moments when our hostess is riling us as only one with her ill-regulated mania can do. Why was Mr. Austin so misguided as to let loose this unsympathetic person in a book about such free and gentle things as birds and flowers? Of "Veronica's China Cupboard" or "Veronica's Furniture Polish" she might fittingly be the heroine, but, then, these domestic annals should be written in her own angular hand. However, when the severe lady is out of the way, supervising and reprimanding her maids, one has some pleasant saunters with her brother the gardener. A very practical person is he, too, in spite of his intimacy with the poet, and it is not only sentiment, but horticulture as well, you can gather from his pages. But there is no rigidity or censoriousness about him. A gentle soul he is, and very gregarious too, which explains his tolerance for Veronica. "Were I a Poet," he sings—or rather, the Poet sings for him—

I would dwell,
Not upon lonely height,
Nor cloistered in disdainful cell
From human sound and sight.
I would live nestled near my kind,
Deep in a garden garth,
That they who loved my verse might find
A pathway to my hearth.

Mr. Andrew Lang's annual Christmas gift to young and youthful folks is ready now, "The Red True Story-Book" (Longmans). It beats his former blue one, I think, in the romance that kindles and holds robust imagination. He has unusual confidence in his audience, does not himself, and does not let his helpers in the work, trim and smooth the narratives overmuch, nor stud them too thickly with sugar-plums. The bitter and the sweet, the plain and the fanciful, the workaday and the holiday, are each given their turn, and unspoiled taste will respond with quick, unconscious gratitude. Joan the Maid is naturally the theme of one of his own stories, and he has found another congenial one in "How the Bass was held for King James." Mr. Rider Haggard tells a brave story of Mashonaland and Matabele, "Wilson's Last Fight," while Mr. Crockett gives the history of "The Bull of Earlstoun," that hectoring brother of William Gordon, which readers of "The Men of the Moss Hags" will have in their recent remembrance. For the Jacobite stories, the sagas, and the romances from French history, we are indebted to Mr. McCunn, the Rev. W. C. Green, the translator of Egil Skallagrim's Saga, and to Mrs. Lang.

Mr. Mudie has turned publisher, not, however of such works as his library mainly exists to supply. The issue of a series of French classics is his present enterprise, and it has begun with that work which no self-respecting library should be without, Montesquieu's "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," but in a form more befitting the boudoir than the study. The binding of the little volume is so dainty and elegant that perhaps the popularity which the series is sure to enjoy should not be all put down to a serious interest in the French classics of a greater and severer age.

An interesting and valuable book for young men to read is Mr. George Jacob Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate" (Fisher Unwin). Its advice is based on the long and varied experience of the author, who has described himself as, "for sixty years, an agitator"; its tone is distinguished throughout by the sweet reasonableness which has always won for Mr. Holyoake the esteem of broad-minded men.

Japan is being overdriven now by picturesque tourists, journalists, and fiction-writers, if not by artists. But there is always room for a well-made thing, and such is Mr. Clive Holland's dainty story, "My Japanese Wife," which Messrs. Constable have wrapped about with a most appropriate cover. Mousmé, the heroine, was made to be the inmate of a doll's house; she is an animated flower, a butterfly with rudimentary affections, whom it is impossible to look down upon. Though the situation was in reality serious—the union of this toylike being with an Englishman whose future lay in his own country, Mr. Holland has the grace not to suggest a problem, but only to give an airy, dainty picture of two happy children's housekeeping. o. o.

LIPTON'S TEAS

DIRECT
FROM THE
GARDENS

NOTE THE PRICES.

FINEST
THE WORLD
CAN PRODUCE

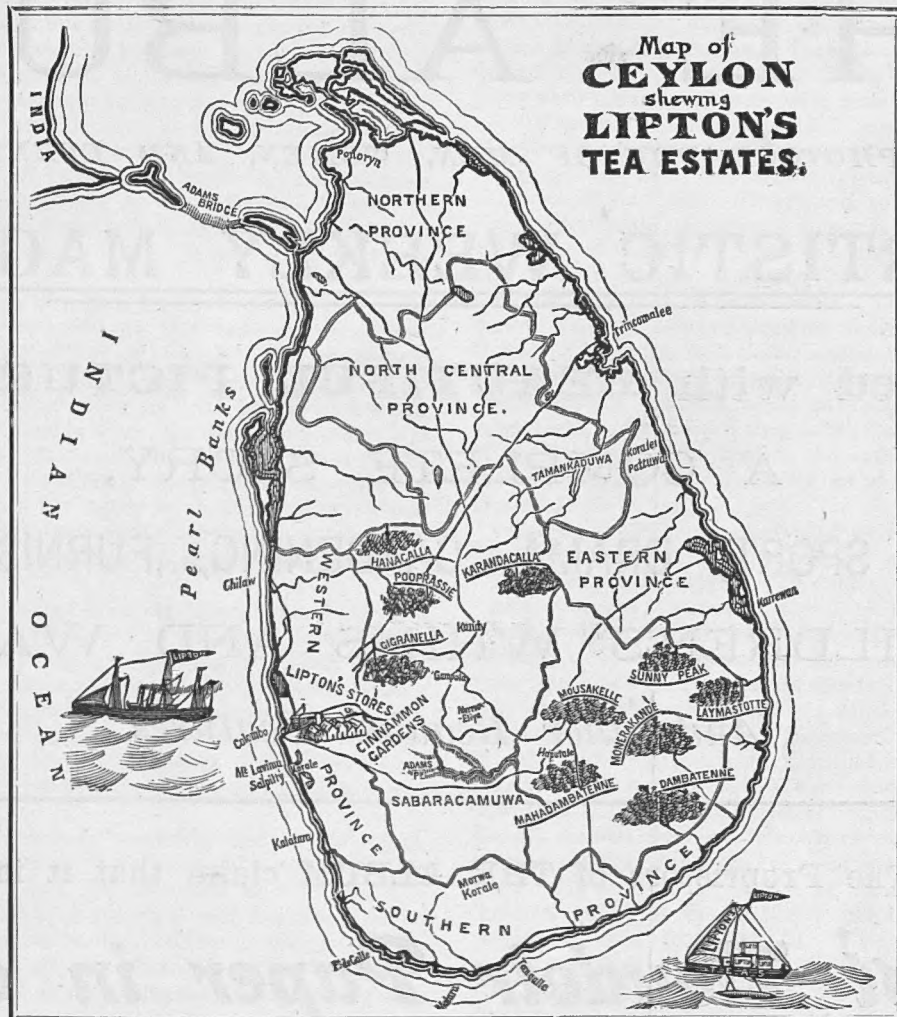
per **1/7** lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE

RICH, PURE,
AND
FRAGRANT,

Per **1/- & 1/4** lb.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.



BUY
FROM THE
GROWER

Tea Merchant
BY SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT
TO
HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

LIPTON,
TEA, COFFEE, & COCOA
PLANTER, CEYLON.

GENERAL OFFICES:
BATH STREET, CITY ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.
Agencies throughout the World.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

NOTICE! NOTICE!! NOTICE!!!

The latest date upon which the Books will be received from Competitors will be December 10, 1895.

Mellin's Painting Competition.

TOTAL VALUE OF PRIZES,
£105.

THE Proprietor of Mellin's Food for Infants and Invalids is willing to send to applicants a copy of "MELLIN'S PAINTING BOOK," with full particulars of the above Competition. It is desirable, to avoid disappointment, that early application be made, as letters will be attended to in their regular order according to the date of receipt.

THE PRIZES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

ONE PRIZE of £20 for the Best Coloured Book.—Open to all.

TWO PRIZES of £10 each for the Two next Best Coloured Books. Open to young people not exceeding 18 years of age.

THREE PRIZES of £5 each for the Three next Best Coloured Books. Open to children not exceeding 15 years of age.

TEN PRIZES of £2 10s. each for the Ten next Best Coloured Books. Open to children not exceeding 12 years of age.

FIFTY PRIZES consisting of either a **Well-Dressed Doll** or a **Box of Tools**, at the option of the successful Competitor, for the Fifty next Best Coloured Books. Open to little folks not exceeding 9 years of age.

Address, enclosing 1d. to cover postage, "PAINTING BOOK-DEPT.,"

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

Highest Award at Chicago '93
"Lanoline"

"Lanoline"

Prepared from the purified fat of lamb's wool, is similar to the fat of the human skin and hair. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet "Lanoline"

6d. & 1/- A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. Prevents wrinkles, sunburn, and chapping.

"Lanoline"
Toilet Soap.

(No caustic free alkali) 6d. and 1/- Renders the most sensitive skin healthy, clear and elastic.

"Lanoline" Pomade.
1/6.

Nourishes, invigorates and beautifies the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale Depot: 67, Holborn Viaduct, London



AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.

THE ALBUM

A JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE DAY.

AN ARTISTIC WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Filled with BEAUTIFUL PICTURES,

A COMPLETE STORY,

ARTICLES ON SPORT, DRAMA, GARDENING, FURNISHING, FISHING,
CHILDREN'S WHIMS AND WAYS,

And other Regular Features

The Proprietors of THE ALBUM claim that it is

The Best Boudoir Paper in existence.

Articles on THE ARTISTIC DECORATION OF THE HOME,

Articles on FASHION, entitled, "THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN."

Exquisite Supplements.

VOLUME I. is NOW READY, Bound in Cloth, Gilt Edges, price 15s. 6d.

Of this Volume the DAILY TELEGRAPH says:

"It is not given to every work, even in these days of sumptuous illustration and many writers, to be equally excellent both in art and literature. The FIRST VOLUME of the ALBUM seems to fairly deserve this praise. It is a pictorial history of the times, full of pleasant reading matter, and illustrated by full-page reproductions of photographs, leaving little or nothing to be desired in point of finish."

THE ALBUM has reached in a few months a height in circulation and popularity unrivalled in modern journalism.

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY.

Published by INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

"POOR MR. POTTON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Answer plainly, 'Yes' or 'No,' will you marry me?" almost shouted Mrs. Dashwood.

Mr. Potton drew close to his mother, and, with a desperate courage, answered "No."

"Then take that!" The "take that," like Mr. Pickwick's in the Fleet, was not the customary blow, but quite bad enough, for it was a writ of summons in an action for breach of promise. What a sad ending to love's young dream is a writ! It almost served Potton right, though he was an inoffensive, amiable little man, for it was almost criminally idiotic of him, at a critical age, to wander alone on the Continent. It was a wonder that some foreigner did not snap him up, since, despite the legend of the wife-halter and "Smiffeld," our husbands have a reputation on the Continent such as our merchandise used to enjoy. Indeed, any young Englishman of decent family who has a respectable position can pick up a pretty wife in France with what will seem to him an immense dowry.

Poor Potton fell into the hands of a Mrs. Dashwood, a regular man-hunter, who had already buried two husbands. She only mentioned one, not wishing to seem too boastful of her attractions. Her magnitude struck him, for small men generally have large minds in matrimonial matters. Moreover, he observed afterwards, he "did not notice her size so much up in the mountains." For, in truth, she was twice as big and almost twice as old as the hapless little man who proposed to her in the dusk. Our law makes a curious exception to contracts of marriage, so far as fraud is concerned, and does not apply to it the maxim, "*Fraus omnia vitiat*"; so Mrs. Dashwood not only kept back one deceased spouse, but lied about her position, and spoke of her three grown-up children as "the chicks."

Back to England, to "The Nest" at West Streatham, Mrs. Dashwood brought her prey, and the guileless man came to the house, bringing toys for the children. "The chicks" resented the toys, the dolls for the girls and "Jack-in-the-box" for the boy—a medical student, in training for the Middle-Weight Amateur Championship; moreover, "the chicks" had determined, if possible, to break off a marriage unwelcome to them. Consequently, poor Potton had a very lively time on his first visit, and, indeed, had to bolt over the garden-wall to escape from "the young rooster."

Now the familiarity which breeds contempt had already been working against the widow, and daily intercourse had weakened her hold upon her *fiancé*—naturally, then, his treatment by "the chicks," added to the discovery that the widow forfeited half her six hundred a-year on marriage, caused him to write a letter breaking off the engagement; and then, to use the popular phrase, "the band played," and he had to pay the piper. The first distress came from "the young rooster," who, having learnt the true financial bearings of the case, was anxious to get rid of his mother, and came to drive Potton into matrimony *vi-et-armis*. However, this was a trifle compared with the widow, and poor Mr. Potton had a terrible quarter of an hour when she came to beg him to renew the engagement. Luckily, his aged mother was on his side, and he was little more than shuttlecock in the battle that ended in service of the writ.

There was a clear case against Potton; no doubt, the widow had told fibs about her matrimonial adventures, and had inaccurately described the medical student and her two grown-up daughters as "the chicks," nor had she been of masculine exactness about money matters; but juries are apt to act on the idiot maxim that "All's fair in love or war," and think little of the lover's perjury at which Jove laughs. Consequently, Potton was advised to settle, and settlement, rather than strife, was congruous with his character.

Offer and offer up to a thousand and costs came from the defendant, when suddenly an injudicious statement by Mrs. Dashwood's lawyer ruined her case. He disclosed the fact that his client originally was Kitty Trefusis, an actress; thereupon, old Mrs. Potton declared, and convinced everyone, that the widow's first husband was Potton's maternal grandfather, and, therefore, she was his step-grandmother!

I fear that the chief thing to be said in favour of the piece written by Messrs. Clarence Hamlyn and H. M. Paull is that it pleased the audience. Its humours are simple, and tend to the boisterous, and, no doubt, at times, it is funny to all; but there is little in it that touches the taste of the persistent playgoer. The acting is of merit all round, and sincere praise may be given to Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. John Beauchamp, Miss May Palfrey, Mr. W. Draycott, Mr. Tom Terriss, and to Miss Alice Beet, who was exceedingly clever as a stage "slavey."

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"The Wrong Address," which now ushers in "Her Advocate," is a lively monologue that does not need anonymity, for no one can speak ill of it. It is easy to say that the device of causing a man to call at a wrong address, and bringing about a swift, fatal flirtation between him and the lady whom he invades, is not new; but it is handled neatly enough to earn its pardon for want of the almost unattainable virtue of novelty in theme. It is pleasant also to see "curtain-raisers" of this type, for the disappearance of the old style of knockabout farce or melodrama boiled down to one act is to be prayed for. Miss Henrietta Watson and Mr. Oswald Yorke deserve praise for clever acting.

The weakest weapon in the critic's armoury is the charge of plagiarism. The public never seems to care a bent pin, if it be amused,

whether it is by other people's ideas or those of the nominal author. In a fashion, the public seems to be sharing a crime, but the idea of property in the world of ideas is too subtle for the great half-washed, whose concept of honesty, indeed, generally is blunt enough to tolerate frauds on railway companies and permit active smuggling. When "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" was produced, the critics almost unanimously threw cries of "plagiarism" at it. A dozen sources or more were named; almost every scene and situation was tracked down by the dramatic detectives. That all or any of the charges were true, I do not pretend to say, but that they were ineffectual is clear, for the piece with the long name appears certain to survive even a transplanting.

"You can't kill your luck," says the Portuguese proverb, and Mr. Fred Kerr's fate tends to prove it, for even serious alterations in the company, on top of the removal, leave Miss Brown flourishing. The detective of Mr. "Lal" Brough was so funny that the loss of him seems fatal, yet I would not venture to say that Mr. Herbert Standing earns a little less of laughter. Nor can much be said in distinction between Mr. Arthur Playfair and Mr. John Beauchamp, though the latter, perhaps, appeals more to the critic. Luckily, Mr. Kerr himself remains, and on a second visit one sees even more to admire in his work than at first, though it could not well cause heartier laughter. The part is not so funny as its almost counterpart in "Charley's Aunt," nor is Mr. Kerr's personality comic like Mr. Penley's, while in the play now at Terry's there are far more rocks to be avoided than in that which began its prodigious career at the Royalty. Nevertheless, the younger actor carries it to complete success, and his very inability to seem so feminine as Mr. Penley is useful.

I spent a very pleasant evening on Friday at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, where Mr. Auguste Van Biene and company were appearing in "The Broken Melody." This play is described in the bills as a "comedy-drama," but it is, in reality, a domestic drama of the heart-rending order, written round an unfortunate musical composer, Paul Borinski, a part portrayed by Mr. Van Biene with no little dramatic force and skill. Perhaps I should have said "written round Paul Borinski's cello"; for, however interesting the plotting and counter-plotting of the villain and the tears of the hero and heroine may be, the chief moments of the play are those in which Mr. Van Biene is drawing sweet sound from the favourite instrument of musicians and poets. Friday evening being chosen for Mr. Van Biene's benefit, he gave an extra allowance of his really masterly playing, Raff's Cavatina, a selection from "Faust," and "Home, Sweet Home," being his chief contributions. The way in which the frequenters of the Elephant and Castle cheered Mr. Van Biene's playing showed that English appreciation of good music is not, as many superfine critics would have us believe, synonymous with *x*. The transpontine enthusiasm was full-hearted, infectious, and well-deserved.

When I left the Alhambra Theatre, I had a vague feeling that might belikened to the result of an over-long visit to the "Tartan Room" in an establishment that is situated close to the offices of the two great illustrated weeklies. It was tartan to right of me, tartan to left, though I felt an ignorant uncertainty as to the difference between "tartan" and "plaid," little thinking that the one is the pattern and the design, and the other the article of costume. Frankly speaking, I found "The Gathering of the Clans" to my taste, and for nearly a week melodies full of the "Scotch snap" have haunted my ears, and visions of beauty, in Highland masculine costumes, have clung to my eyes.

One hardly pretends that "Lochinvar" is a ballad that easily suggests a ballet, though the two words and things have a common origin. Young Lochinvar is an attractive, heroic figure—it is a pity that his clan is not named—and his abduction, despite a flavour of false pretence, was a very gallant affair; but the fair Ellen seems to have been somewhat colourless, so far as the story goes. Of course, the swimming of the Usk river cannot well be put on the stage, nor can one expect the "racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee," yet the actual exit of the two lovers might have been arranged so as to have a more realistic effect. It does not matter—the music, the costumes, the sports, the dances, and the pipes are the attraction. I fear that it is rude to mention the music and the pipes separately, but I am so far Sassenach as only to be able to dote on the pipes under special circumstances. A noticeable matter on the first night was the keenness of the audience. When Miss Julia Seale, whose work was wonderfully good considered as absolute dancing, touched the hilt of a claymore in the sword-dance, there was a prompt groan of disapproval, and, very ungallantly, the house paid greater honours to a gentleman who danced a Highland dance with immense energy and stupendous gravity than to the delightful work of the ladies.

It is touching a delicate subject, but I cannot help hinting that the wearing of simple tights under the kilt is not exactly judicious—it gives what one may call an Italian turn that might have been avoided if something in the nature of "trouserettes" of tartan similar to that of the kilt had been worn. The suggestion made in one of the dailies, that the "kilt's the wear" for "biking" has filled me with an amazement that refuses to abate. Anything less appropriate in the great strife between comfort and propriety I could hardly imagine, and, if Battersea Park took the hint, Coventry would soon lose all her "peeping Toms." The general effect of "The Gathering of the Clans" is exceedingly pleasant: it gives one of the most gay and animated scenes imaginable, and the music, cleverly arranged by M. Jacobi, keeps the blood of the audience constantly at dancing heat. Moreover, the *ballet divertissement* will give good material to the learned in Highland matters and manners, for the technical criticism in which I cannot indulge.

MONOCLE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 12, 1895.

The astonishing position of the money market is shown by the sensational figure at which "other deposits" stand in the Bank return; and, although coin and bullion has diminished by a little over a million, the reserve remains at the still heavy total of nearly thirty-two millions. As we anticipated some months ago, silver has steadily improved, until it is now worth 31 1-8 pence per ounce, and the best-informed people anticipate that there is room for a further steady appreciation of twopence or threepence an ounce.

Last week we wrote you—although with some doubt—that the end of the mining boom had not yet come, and the course of events, especially during the last two days, has proved our anticipation to be right. The shake-out has been pretty severe, but the big houses came to the rescue, and we anticipate that, if the account is adjusted without any more failures, there will be a smart revival all along the line. We are asked by many of your friends what we consider the safest group to operate in, and by the present aspect of the markets we should say that all the Barnato stocks may be bought with every prospect of good results, and with a reasonable certainty that they can be carried over at moderate rates. We hope you bought Barnato Consolidated when our letter reached you last week, for the purchase already shows a good profit, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will, in the near future, show even more. The report of the Consolidated Gold-fields will be in your hands this week, and will show a couple of millions available for distribution. In all probability, the sum of £1 a share will be paid as dividend, and a very large addition made to the reserve. There is talk of splitting the shares, but we doubt if it will find favour with the board. Of course, you must not take "tips" at this stage of the mining boom with the same recklessness or with the same confidence that you could have accepted them from us this time last year, when we could tell you of certainties like Van Ryn, Buffelsdoorn, Meyer and Charlton, &c., but we think if you confine yourself to the purchase of solid ventures which have merits apart from their market quotations you may yet do well. We prefer, at present, Rand Exploration, Selukwe Consolidated, and Eastleigh, in addition to the companies mentioned last week, and, for a cheap long shot, Bushman's Gold, at about 6s. 6d., is not a bad gamble.

How these West Australians love one another! The Wealth of Nations crowd abuse the World's Treasure, and the secretary of Hannan's Napier must needs write a letter denouncing the Hannan's Sir John Forrest before its prospectus has been in circulation twenty-four hours! Meanwhile the merry game of bringing out companies to the tune of about half a million sterling a week goes on, and every clique secretly abuses all the ventures not brought out by itself. The Queenslanders in the good old days of 1886 played the same game, and it is not till you get into the middle of a mining boom that you appreciate how impossible is the maxim of "live and let live" to the majority of the human race. The Paddington Consols bankers are having a good time with the application moneys which have now been locked up without a sign of allotment or regret for the last fortnight, and people who applied for André Mendel and Co.'s Central Exploration and Investment begin to ask why no notice is taken of their applications, for here, at any rate, there is not the same excuse as in the Paddington case. The West Australian market has not slumped in the same way as the Kaffir Circus during the late scare, no doubt because Paris does not dominate the position to the same extent. We are inclined to think that more attention will daily be given to this section, and that the public appetite, surfeited with the Transvaal, and not quite sure as to the wholesome nature of the Rhodesian banquet, will satisfy its cravings on Western Australia for the present. Hannan's Brown Hill, which we induced you to buy by continual recommendation at something under 2, is still one of the best things, and with its small capital for those who want a really first-rate mining investment, there is probably no better purchase than its shares even at 6. Of Lady Shenton we hear very good accounts, and, despite what the hostile gangs say, Darlot Exploration seems to promise well. Several new trust companies are in process of incubation, and will see the light during the next few days—if the markets remain good. One, we hear, will have a large foreign element in its constitution.

Every day your friends write to us with complaints about shares they have bought from touting brokers, or by reason of puffing paragraphs, and we beg you to warn those who consult you against purchasing cheap rubbish, such as Matabele Ancients, Murchison Gift, Umtoli Reefs, and such-like stuff, which is so vigorously puffed. These sort of shares are easy to buy until the whole lot are got into circulation; but once the touts are out, the market comes to an abrupt end, and you have to keep your shares, or rather, fill your strong-box with waste paper, because it is nobody's interest to find more fools to take it off your hands. For months we have struggled to save your friends from getting caught, and it is very disappointing to find with what poor success. The only safe rule is to disregard everything written in praise of companies whose shares have never been publicly issued, and which you find in papers sent you for nothing.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

THE COLONIAL EXPLORATIONS, LIMITED, which has a capital of £150,000, is being fathered in some mysterious way by the Corporation of British Investors—magnificent and high-sounding title—who are

so splendidly philanthropic that they are spending quantities of money on postage-stamps for the advantage, as they say, of people who never heard of them. We doubt the whole affair, and advise our readers not to be among the happy band of British investors who are going to find the money for Colonial explorations and the relief of the vendor syndicate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. V. B.—(1) "Margin is reached on these shares at tape prices, and not at the middle," is the jargon under which some outside broker covers up his robbery. In English, it means that, when the tape shows the price to be, say, for example, 2½ to 2¾, he gets the benefit, and, if your cover money has run off at the lowest quotation, the transaction is closed, and he takes your cash. (2) We had our say about Barnato Consols last week, and have nothing to add except what appears in this week's "Notes." The sudden check is due to the semi-panic which has very nearly broken down the whole mining boom. (3) Inside brokers do not work on the cover system, but you can give orders to lose your stock if it drops to any price you like to name, and the broker will do his best to carry out your order.

H. M. S.—We are afraid the verses will not do.

AUSLANDER.—Of your list, United States Brewery shares are the only ones we approve of. Springfield are more speculative, and may turn out well, but the other two we would have nothing to do with. New England preference, Frank Jones preference, or Bartholomay ordinary are fairly safe.

SKETCH.—(1) Murchison Gifts were pushed off by outside touts. We do not suppose they have any value, but, at the price you name, you had better hold on as a gamble. Get out as soon as you can at a profit, or even a small loss. (2) Paddington Consols are first-rate, but you were in a great hurry to buy. Hold on, and you will probably get out at a profit. (3) London and Globe Finance are very good, and the board is one of the strongest in London, but when you can see a reasonable profit take it.

P. G. T.—We hope you have got our private letter.

GRATIA.—We have no corroboration of your statements about Gordon Diamond shares. If you can rely on your informant, by all means act on the "tip."

J. P. G.—We are glad the delay has been properly explained, and hope you will do well out of the lottery. Would it not be more amusing to back horses, or have a dash on some mining shares?

UNCLE DICK.—Glad you have now found the rule.

M. P.—Thanks for your letter and fee. We hope the result will be satisfactory; but you must not expect too much. Probably 7s. 6d. per bond is about the amount you will get.

S. A. T.—The South African Territories debentures were slightly over-subscribed. There will be a market for them, we think, soon—that is, of course, unless the whole mining boom comes to an end. Write to us again in about three weeks, and we will be able to give you more information, for the people connected with it are at present engaged in making financial arrangements in Paris and Berlin.

RED ROSE.—We think well of all your list, except the last; but, as to the immediate course of prices, a great deal depends on what happens during the next few days.

S. F. A.—Both concerns you name are very good, but very high, and we do not see how they are to increase in value on present prices. We prefer Bovril, Linotype, Savoy Hotel preference, or Ely Brothers.

HABET.—We consider the company of which you have sent us the prospectus a very promising speculation, but all depends upon a revival of confidence. If the Mining market picks up generally, you will no doubt see a fair profit, which you should take whenever you can get it.

CUE.—(1) We have no opinion of the concern you name, and there is no market for the shares, nor can we get a price or hear of any dealings. (2) We should not advise purchase of "Maritanas," and nobody knows anything about them on the Stock Exchange, except that the mine is somewhere Hannan's way. Send us the address of the office, and we will find out for you the nominal value of the shares, total capital, and suchlike details.

NEWCASTLE.—The price of New York Brewery debentures is about 94 or 95. They carry 6 per cent. interest, and are a good purchase. The concern is doing well, and the value of the land and buildings is sufficient to cover the debenture-money.

E. H. R.—We think very badly of the insurance office you name, and would not on any account sink £2000 in the purchase of an annuity with it. Why should you run such a risk when you can deal with companies like the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Prudential, or even good American offices like the Equitable of the United States?

W. E. P.—(1) Good enough. (2) See answers to "S. F. A." and "Newcastle," or buy Consolidated Gold-fields of South Africa preference shares.

J. P.—Thanks for your complimentary letter. (1) Yes, we think very well of them, and have seen private letters and telegrams which more than confirm all we have ever said. (2 and 3) Yes, but at present the shares are all privately held, and there is no market. The people connected with the enterprise are in Berlin, making arrangements for a market to be started. (4) The "Associated Gold" business was brought out by two bucket-shops, who have pushed off the shares among their clients. We would not hold a share, and you had far better buy London and Globe Finance Corporation shares. (5) The resignation of several directors has shaken our faith in the company. We should sell.

CAUTIOUS.—(1) We have a bad opinion of this company. The price is 7s. (2) All the Western Australians we know tell us that it was not till they came to London that they ever heard there was any gold in this property. Buy Burbank's Birthday Gift, Lady Shenton, or Hannan's Brown Hill. (3) We are only allowed to give the names of brokers by private letter, for which you must send us a fee of 5s., but there is no difficulty about finding you a dozen honest brokers who will "deliver stuff when bought."

S. G.—Everything depends on the Act of Parliament. Ask the secretary to send you a copy, and you will see exactly how the shareholders' liability stands, or send it to us and will advise you.

J. S. B.—We are sorry for the mistake, but we certainly misread your writing. The company you name is one of the few Charterland things in which, at present, we have a reasonable belief. What did you buy at? We believe Willoughby Consolidated, Mashonaland Agency, Rhodesia Gold Reef, and the company you name are certainly the pick of the Charterland concerns. (1) 11, Queen Victoria Street. (2) We would have no dealings with this concern. The very title ought to inspire you with distrust, and the kind way they have been keeping shares for you this week in Colonial Explorations, Limited, should be sufficient warning. (3) Tell us the price the shares cost you, and we will answer your question.

SCOTUS.—We are sorry your paper does not quote two of the three things we recommended, but there is a good market in them all. We hope you bought Barnato Consolidated when we told you, as they show a good profit already. We still recommend them.